

The Listener

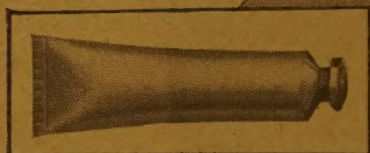
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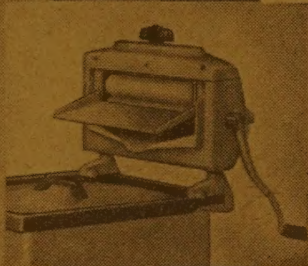
'Don Juan', by Henri Rousseau (1844-1910): from an exhibition of 'Sunday Painters' at the Institute of Contemporary Arts (see page 448)

In this number:

Men or Missiles: a Problem of Defence (Sir Ralph Cochrane)
The Argument between England and Scotland (Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, M.P.)
Kipling the Conservative (Noel Annan)



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The Listener

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Mr. Eden's Crucial Tour

By RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS

I WAS struck a year or two ago by the story of the death of an atomic scientist. He was in the laboratory demonstrating to several students the principle behind the release of atomic energy: the principle, in fact, behind the atomic bomb. He was showing that there is a certain critical size at which uranium 235 will become violently active. In the experiment he was bringing a tiny particle towards a given lump of 'safe' uranium, when his finger slipped and the particle got much nearer than he meant it to. There was a sudden burst of activity on the geiger counters and, although he pulled the particle back, a week later he was dead from too much radiation—as he knew, from the moment he did it, that he would be.

I thought of that story last week, when President Eisenhower announced that the United States with six other nations had agreed to form an international pool of atomic energy for peaceful use. Even the experts still know so little about the colossal new force of this atomic power that it seems the most elementary step for humanity to unite in the struggle to tame and use it. There is still so much of nature to be conquered in the service of man. In 1938, at the time of Munich, I was on a lake in the back-woods of eastern Canada and in those surroundings I remember feeling, even more than here in Britain, the utter folly of modern war. That feeling is much stronger today, when war has become so unspeakably worse and the obvious field of conquest in nature has become so immensely wider.

President Eisenhower's new international agency to promote the peaceful use of atomic energy is limited in scope and membership, but it is a most important beginning. When the President first proposed the pool to the United Nations General Assembly last December, he issued a special invitation to Russia to join it. But in spite of intense diplomatic efforts from that day to this, Russia has refused to come in. Today the members of the pool are—with America—the other six countries which possess either uranium or atomic experience: Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa, France, and Belgium. Moscow still refuses to lift a finger

to do anything practical to bridge this most alarming of all the gaps between itself and the western world.

Instead of joining, the Russians merely go on repeating like parrots 'Ban the atom bomb', knowing perfectly well that they have themselves blocked every single measure for effective world-wide atomic control. Now, it looks as though they are about to launch another campaign for so-called disarmament, both general and atomic, even though they alone voted against the Disarmament Commission set up by the United Nations in 1952. The next few months will see, I think, a poker-faced Russian diplomatic offensive, intended to exploit the grave muddle in western Europe following the collapse of E.D.C. The chief aim of this campaign will be to confuse western opinion still further on the critical subject of Germany and to make Russia out as the only 'peacemaker'. It is small wonder that the Russians are now angry with Mr. Attlee for calling them so firmly, after his visit, 'the most heavily armed country in the world'.

This new pool and the news of east-west co-operation over research into the effect of the atomic explosions on the weather are good, as far as they go. But they do not touch the real problem, the development of the atomic bomb. As Dr. Adrian told the British Association in Oxford, it really is true that many hundreds of even experimental explosions of hydrogen bombs would lead to a general degree of radio-activity which no one could tolerate or escape. And until there is international control, every country will have to bear its own responsibility for the possible use of atomic weapons. This applies to Britain as much as to Russia and to America; we are the only countries which have the atomic 'know-how'—though, undoubtedly, one day the Germans will have it too.

For Britain, the atomic question seems to me to pose some special problems—apart from our own vulnerability in these small islands. Above all, it throws a fresh light on the immediate and critical question of how far we are going to co-operate with the countries of Europe. Our decision must really depend on whether we believe that an atomic

war is likely or not. Personally, I think we are approaching a point where, for one reason or another, neither side would be the first to use the hydrogen bomb. But, if there is any question of it, the more closely we were linked with European countries the less likely would it be that America would share atomic secrets with us. That means that if we are really going to rely on atomic weapons, we cannot afford to get too much involved in a European grouping even inside Nato. If, on the other hand, war with at any rate the biggest of the atomic weapons is unlikely, then defence in depth on the continent becomes the most vital factor of all. In that case, we must have the man-power of a rearmed Germany on our side. And I think we should have to go into some European army scheme, as we probably ought to have done more effectively over E.D.C.

We should never forget arguments as fundamental as these. But we must think quickly. The whole position in Germany is shifting, and it will inevitably affect the way we make our decision. As the elections in Schleswig-Holstein show, Dr. Adenauer's prestige is now collapsing as a result of the failure of E.D.C. Bonn is bubbling with politics—more than at any time since the Federal German Republic was founded. For us, the spectre in the background is an eventual Russian-German partnership like the Rapallo treaty of 1922. And if, in the end, we are to avoid something so contrary to all the traditional interests of this country, there is no alternative but to give the Germans something of what they want. As the T.U.C. bravely recognised at Brighton, by a slender majority, there is no escape from a full return of German sovereignty and some measure of German rearmament.

* Broadcast on September 13

To arrange for this, Mr. Eden had proposed a nine-power conference that would have met this week.* But that fell through, largely because it became obvious that the meeting would simply have been made the setting for a stand-up row between the French and the Germans. And no one had any definite policy to put forward. Later on, there will have to be a conference. But meanwhile Mr. Eden has reached Rome—where he once went as a much younger man to argue with Mussolini. On his trip round the capitals of western Europe, he is now trying to produce a clearer outline of the plans that any such conference could profitably discuss. At the root of the problem is the question of Britain's relationship with Germany, as much as French-German relations. We have reached a point at which we have to decide how far we are going to co-operate in Europe and by what method. Personally, I feel that we were definitely wrong not to take part in E.D.C., when it was drawn up two years ago; the French eventually turned it down because we were not in it, and not because they feared German rearmament in itself. But that was two years ago. And today the situation is complex—and different in at least three ways. The role of the Germans in Europe has shifted, atomic weapons have been greatly developed, and Russian policy is temporarily more moderate. I am no longer so sure that much can be gained by any sacrifice of sovereignty on our part.

But that is a question we must all think about. Of one thing I am sure: in the present bankruptcy of western policy, Mr. Eden's trip is as crucial as any that he has ever made, both for Europe and for ourselves.—*Home Service*

Chiang Kai-shek's Island Fortress

BJÖRN HALLSTRÖM on Formosa

FORMOSA is about the size of Holland and has about the same population. The name is Portuguese and means 'beautiful', a reference to the high mountain range stretching almost the whole length of the island. The Chinese call it Taiwan, which means 'terraced fields'—that is, the fertile valleys where the population is concentrated.

When the Chinese Nationalist Government of Chiang Kai-shek took up its seat in the town of Taipei they transformed what had previously been only a provincial capital, first Chinese and then Japanese. I found considerable overcrowding in the city because the provincial government must share accommodation in public buildings with the evacuated Nationalist Chinese Government and parliament.

About 2,000,000 people came from the mainland with Chiang's Government, but the island as a whole is not overcrowded. The soil is extremely fertile, and Formosa was, during the fifty years of Japanese rule, one of the main suppliers of rice for Japan. Today they grow rice only for their own needs. They grow sugar, and have built up a new sugar industry which supplies a great deal of the Far East, and even parts of Europe. Other industries have been built up, and the country has, in recent years, been almost completely electrified. The island is rich, and the standard of living is claimed to be the highest in the Far East. What immediately strikes a visitor, coming from other Asiatic countries, is that there are no beggars in Formosa.

I found that the Chinese in Formosa like to think of the island in the same terms as Britain thought of herself during the second world war—an island fortress, preparing under the leadership of a veteran statesman for the invasion of an enemy-occupied continent. Although in Europe we talk of the danger of a Chinese communist drive against Formosa, in the island itself everything is geared up for an invasion in the opposite direction. The target is reunification with the mainland through invasion and re-conquest, and even industrial planning is carried out with the aim of supplying the Chinese mainland.

But could they do it? The common argument in Europe is that Chiang Kai-shek's army is aging, that their average age is thirty years. I am no military expert—indeed, I am a Quaker—and I do not know if soldiers are finished at that age. But what I can say is that I saw an invasion manoeuvre and I was impressed by the physical fitness of Chiang's soldiers, swimming with their arms from landing craft, and conquering a dummy 'Chinese wall' on the beaches. I was also present when 14,000 Chinese ex-prisoners of war arrived from Korea. They were all eager to join Chiang Kai-shek's army, but some of them were turned down because they were too old.

Apart from the 500,000 soldiers who came from the mainland, continuous recruitment proceeds. Formosa itself has about 200,000 young men below the age of twenty-five who have undergone military training. Refugees from China are constantly reaching Hong Kong or Macao, and the young men of military age are eager to proceed to Formosa to join Chiang's army. The original 500,000 are a kind of regular army, trained to be non-commissioned officers in the new divisions which Chiang hopes to raise if he returns to China. He is convinced that the armies sent out against him would in fact join him.

Certainly the army is excellently equipped, mainly with American help. There is a strong air force. I myself saw, on one occasion, 200 jet planes in the air. And, above all, there is an impressive navy, while so far the communists have hardly any naval forces. The American assistance to Formosa roughly equals the military budget. Everything else is paid out of the island's own resources. It is not for me to comment on the charges of corruption in the old days. Chiang Kai-shek himself said that if he had had a few hundred thousand honest Christians to put in leading positions, developments would have taken a different course. But in Formosa itself there is certainly no widespread corruption. The Nationalist Government is endeavouring to build up an economy which can be presented to the mainlanders as an example. A land reform has been carried out for giving 'the land to the tillers' but, unlike communist agrarian reform, the landlords in Formosa have been compensated, partly in cash and partly in industrial bonds.

Much has been said about the local opposition in Formosa to Chiang's Central Government. The problem has been solved, to some extent at least, by a division of authority. The Central Government remains responsible for foreign policy and defence, and the provincial government for the island's internal affairs. Some independent politicians defeated Kuomintang candidates in the last local elections.

The main difference between the Chinese mainland and Formosa seemed to me to be that there is some sort of democracy and free speech in Formosa. There are, apart from the Kuomintang, two other genuine parties holding about twenty per cent. of the seats in parliament, and many independent politicians. There is an excellent press, and the Hong Kong newspapers arrive daily by air. There is a censorship, but I can state from my own experience that it is inefficient. The same is true of the secret police. The only opposition which has been interfered with are some of the pacifist groups. The Formosa Quakers, I was happy to find, are free to continue their work for peace.

—*Home Service*

Men or Missiles: a Problem of Defence

SIR RALPH COCHRANE gives the first of four talks on 'The Shape of Wings to Come'

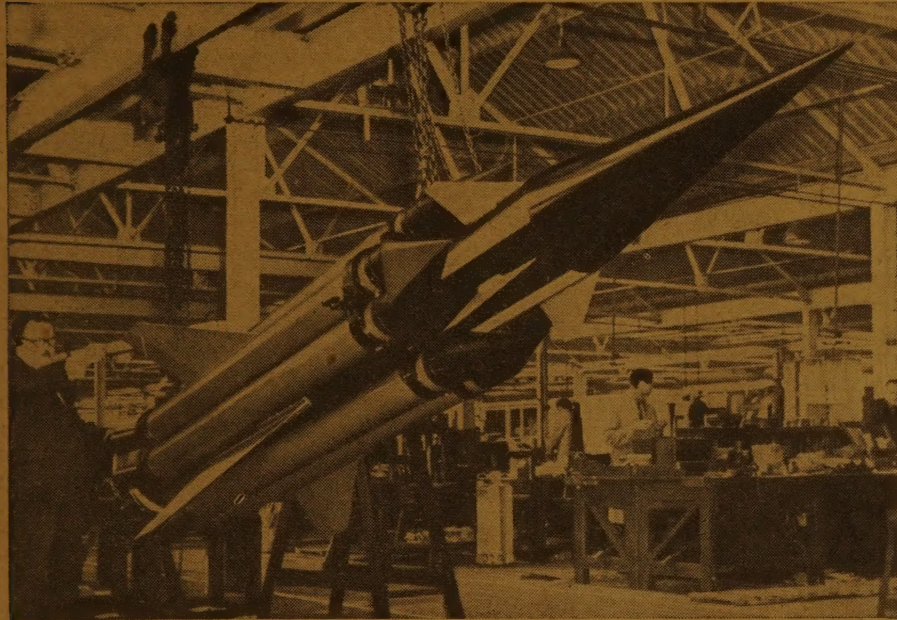
AIR defence in the atomic age: what an immense problem! For it is no use pretending that atom and nuclear bombs do not exist, and that can only mean we must do all in our power to ensure that never again will these islands be attacked from the air. Let me give a few figures to show what the problem now means. When in the first war the Zeppelins dropped their bombs, they had a danger area of perhaps fifteen yards; in the last war it might have been 100 yards. With the atom bomb, the danger area is, say, a

and scientific knowledge and experience. I think that is an extremely important point, which leads to this question: In an age characterised by an unceasing flow of new ideas, of new inventions, new materials, and new systems of propulsion and guidance, which will first make use of them—the vehicle carrying the bomb or the weapon defending against it?

The pre-war growth of German and British air power, leading to the success which we ultimately achieved in the hard-fought Battle of Britain, may give some indication what to expect, and may be worth examining. When Germany decided to build an air force she started first with a bomber fleet composed of aircraft of modern design, having a performance superior to any fighter then in service. But because their weapon was the high-explosive bomb with its limited power, a large fleet was needed, and this took several years to build. In fact, it was not ready until 1939, and that gave this country time—but only just time—to produce the Hurricane and the Spitfire, and to introduce the new invention of radar.

Two points are worth noting. First, there was a period amounting to two years or more when the new bomber was superior in performance to the fighter then in use, and, secondly, even when the bomber was eventually outclassed many of them continued to reach their targets by day and later at night. Do these conditions still apply? In other words, is it likely that a new generation of bombers can be developed before the defences can in turn be strengthened to meet the threat? I see no present prospect of a change, indeed the time required to build up the defences may even be increasing. For one thing, the fighter has become relatively a more complicated piece of mechanism, and, if experience with the Hunter and Swift is any guide, it now takes longer from the time the aeroplane first flies until its appearance in squadrons. Then, again, if we consider ourselves not as an isolated island but as part of the Nato system, the total area to be defended is now far greater; yet defensive weapons are still characterised by their relatively short

range. So that a separate defensive system capable of meeting the strongest attack that can be brought against it must be provided for virtually every major centre which has to be defended. Fighters or guided missiles which may be located for the defence of London cannot also defend Paris, or Rome, or the Ruhr, nor can fighters on the other side of the Atlantic intervene on this. That being so, it is necessary to provide a great network of defences, and to do so in time to meet



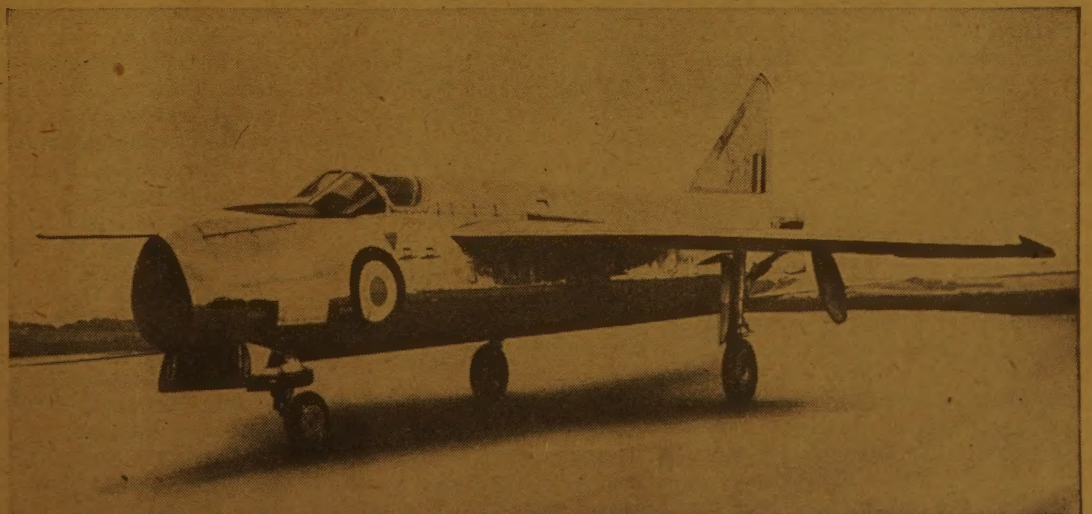
An Armstrong-Whitworth guided missile test vehicle. The auxiliary booster rockets, which help the main vehicle to gain full supersonic cruising speed, can be seen in a band round the main vehicle

mile, and now with the nuclear bomb, several miles, and we are told that the practical limit has by no means been reached. Nor is there any insuperable difficulty in producing these weapons.

One thing at any rate is clear, a defensive system which does no more than take a toll of the incoming bombers, as it did in the last war, is not good enough. In those days the defences considered themselves fortunate, and could indeed count on ultimate victory, if they could bring down on an average some ten per cent. of the attacking force. Now we have to look for something approaching 100 per cent., and that is a vastly different problem.

Again, in the last war, in order to bring German industry to a standstill, more than 250,000 bomber flights were made. Now, an industrial country such as ours might well be crippled should no more than 100 get through the defences. At no time, and in no theatre of war, since air warfare started, has the defence approached the degree of effectiveness on which survival now depends. So do not let us underestimate the difficulties of the problem which would face us should we ever again be at war.

If we are to solve this problem some new and revolutionary method would seem to be required, yet both the vehicle which carries the bomb, and the defending weapon, whether fighter or guided missile, are the outcome of the same aeronautical



The English Electric P.1, the first flight of which was announced on August 4 this year. It is an interceptor fighter, powered by two Armstrong-Siddeley Sapphire turbo-jets, and is the first British aircraft capable of supersonic speed in level flight

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the assault of each new generation of bombers. This may well entail replacing the defending weapon every few years, which is a major undertaking when one also considers the whole tremendous system of ground control that has to be brought up to date to meet the greater speed or the greater height at which each succeeding generation of bombers approaches. One thing is clear, that the present rate of development rules out any possibility of the defence achieving what is required by mere weight of numbers built up over the years. Such a system would soon be obsolete, for a bomber which is faster, or can fly higher, than the fighter will not be brought to battle, no matter how many fighters are sent after it.

Place in the Air Defence System

I would like now to turn to the immediate problem, and see how supersonic fighters and guided missiles fit into the air defence system, both in relation to the present generation of bombers and to their likely successors. As far as one can tell, all major air forces are building large, jet-propelled bombers with a performance comparable with that of the fighters now in or entering squadron service.

The reason for this similarity in performance calls for a word of explanation. At all previous stages of development a little extra horse power, or rather better streamlining, secured for the fighter a valuable increment in speed. But the present generation of bombers and fighters are both pushing up against the so-called sound barrier, which can be penetrated only by the employment of horse powers several times greater than either can carry. Both are, therefore, restricted to virtually the same speed, with some slight advantage in favour of the fighter, but not enough to make it practical to indulge in a long, stern chase. That is why so much emphasis is now being placed on the supersonic fighter and the guided missile, both of which can break through the barrier. These weapons are now being developed and, from the information which has been made public, it is possible to learn something of their chief characteristics.

The supersonic fighter is bound to be a large aeroplane by the standards of pre-war fighters, because of the enormous power which it must develop. It must also carry sufficient search equipment to ensure that targets can be intercepted at night, and it must have enough fighting power to bring about the destruction of the bomber. It will also require the greatest range that it can be given.

The guided missile, although smaller than the fighter, is nevertheless a weapon weighing one or more tons, driven probably, although not necessarily, by a rocket motor. It is directed from the ground by one of a number of methods, all of which have the object of bringing it into collision with the incoming bomber. It carries a considerable weight of explosive so that even if it fails to collide it can be exploded as it passes by, with good expectation of destroying the bomber. Its chief limitation at present is in range, and that in air defence is a vital matter. For, first, long-range aircraft allow the air-defence commander to gather in his outlying squadrons so that the attacker can be met with concentrated force. Second, the air battle should, for obvious reasons, take place as far out to sea as possible, and not over the Home Counties as it did in the last war; and, finally, looked at from the opposite point of view, with short-range weapons very great numbers will be required to cover all the possible targets which the enemy may want to attack.

In fact, there are some who doubt whether it is any longer practicable to provide local defences and consider that the idea of point defence must give place to one of area defence. This is partly because of the cost and complication of modern equipment, but also because an attacker is likely to find it easier to overcome a number of local defences than a single, overall defence.

At present the range of the fighter, and what can best be termed its flexibility, is much greater than that of the guided missile; on the other hand, there is no doubt that when one of these weapons collides with the hostile aeroplane, or blows itself up when close to it, the aeroplane is unlikely to survive. There is, therefore, a strong argument for developing a smaller edition which can be carried by the fighter into a position from which it can be launched against the bomber. Such a combination makes full use of the fighter with its range and flexibility, while retaining the destructive power of the missile. At the present stage of development this probably provides the most economical solution to the problem of air defence, and as long as adequate warning can be obtained, the proportion of bombers destroyed, while no doubt less than the 100 per cent. we seek, will represent a very marked improvement on the ten per cent. of the last war.

Some people may wonder how the pilot will stand up to these very

high speeds. Fortunately, speed as such makes fewer demands on him than is generally thought, for, once he is in the air, in his enclosed and pressurised cabin, there will be no greater strain on him whether he is flying at 200 or 2,000 miles an hour. But speed in a straight line is not enough, for in order to get his sights on to the bomber he must manoeuvre, and it is here that there are definite limits to what is possible. In spite of this I believe that the fighter and the pilot still present the best combination, and are still far from being displaced by the guided missile.

I should, nevertheless, like to see this developed as rapidly as possible not only for local defences, where there may be no alternative to it, but also so that more experience can be gained. For we must remember that it is now ten years since London suffered under the V.2. rocket, and a new version with greater range and accuracy is by no means impossible. Such a weapon must be intercepted before it starts its downward plunge from the outer fringes of the atmosphere, and to do this it looks as though the defending weapon will have to destroy itself along with its quarry. That may be a glimpse of the future, but not so far ahead that we ought not to be considering now how best to meet such a threat, which would clearly outdate the whole present organisation based on defence against the bomber as we know it today. It would provide a further example of the never-ending struggle between offence and defence. For, assuming that we devote equal scientific and technical resources and brain power to each, there is as yet no sign that a successful counter measure can be produced far enough in advance of the bomber to neutralise it.

On the contrary, in the case of atomic power, its application in the form of the bomb seems to have preceded by a wide margin its use in defence, although the vast resources of atomic power which will one day become available may well provide the solution which now eludes us. That certainly would be in line with the experience of history.

But if we take a somewhat wider view of our national defence, and see it against a background of world events, we may, perhaps, agree that a certain balance has even now taken place and that the atom bomb has, by its very nature, provided its own antidote. For if all countries know themselves to be open to atomic attack, will there be found one insane enough to start such a war? Instead, does not the fact that all are vulnerable impose on the world a *Pax Atomica*? It is profoundly to be hoped that it does.—*Home Service*

The Earthquake in Algeria

IVOR JONES, B.B.C. special correspondent, reported in the Light Programme on September 11 on the earthquake in Algeria. 'A survey at Orléansville', he said, 'where earthquake damage is at its most spectacular, has shown that of every 100 houses only ten are fit to live in. Most are so badly damaged that no one will ever live in them again. This means that beyond a doubt the town suffered more in one horrible night of earthquake than any British city during the whole blitz. The town has the air of being just behind some murderous front line, and the roads leading to it are noisy with military convoys. Most of the civilians who could leave have gone, but still many stay. You can see the tents in which they are sleeping, set up in streets and gardens and made of anything—old curtains, carpets, blankets, whatever is to hand. These people are being fed mainly by the French army. They stay on in spite of the earth tremors that are still shaking the town, not seriously, but enough to bring tottering houses down. There have been two more today. They seem a gentle but sinister trembling of the ground underfoot.'

'There is no panic about this in spite of the disaster the other night, with its rending of walls and the bursting into flame of broken gas mains. But people are afraid to go back to their homes, even if they can get in, and they have been warned officially not to. Officials here fear that tremors—they hope small ones—will go on for some weeks to come. That, at any rate, has been their experience with minor earthquakes in the past. But relief work is really under way. Most of the injured have been evacuated—many by air. The United States Air Force has been helping in this, and its medical staff told me that the people they were flying out seemed, in most cases, badly hurt. Among them were many children. The Americans have also brought helicopters that are searching outlying villages for others who may need help. For their size, it is the villages that have suffered worst. The Moslem folk there live in dwellings, often built simply of earth, that collapsed most easily.'

A Dangerous Illusion

LORD KINROSS on Israeli-Arabian relations

THE Israelis are fond of telling a story against themselves. When the war of liberation, as they call it, threatened, it was said that only one of two things could save them. Either the Messiah would appear; or else there would be a miracle: they would defeat the Arab armies. It was, of course, the miracle which happened. I think that what one might call the 'miracle psychology' still has its influence, subconsciously, on the Israeli mind. The Jews achieved the impossible by establishing their state; they achieved the impossible by defending it successfully against the Arabs. Why should they not achieve the impossible, yet a third time, by establishing it on a self-supporting basis? There is a general disposition to believe in such a miracle—to believe, that is to say, that Israel can in time become economically stable and prosperous, not only independently of American-Jewish aid—which is a possibility—but also independently of any sort of agreement with the Arab States. This is, I think, a dangerous illusion for Israel.

A Defensive Psychology

The Israelis have shown some unexpected qualities. They have shown themselves to be good soldiers. Their army, second to that of the Turks, is probably the best in the Middle East. But they have shown, equally, a lack of certain expected qualities. The Jews have been for centuries an international people. It would therefore be natural for the state of Israel to show a marked international outlook. This may well evolve in time. But it has yet to do so. For the present, the reverse seems to be happening. The present tendency of the Israeli state is to look inwards rather than outwards. Absorbed as it is in its own internal development, driven in on itself by the hostility of its neighbours, its inhabitants are inclined to develop an egocentric, a parochial, even a Chauvinistic attitude of mind. The Israelis, whether by a miracle or otherwise, were victorious against the Arabs. Yet their attitude towards them today is strangely unlike that of a victorious nation, with the international responsibilities which victory brings. The psychology of Israel is still a defensive psychology. It is still, in a sense, ironically and tragically, the psychology of the Jewish community of the *Diaspora*, for ever surrounded by an unsympathetic world. Only when the Israelis can gain the habit of looking constructively outwards rather than inwards, thus regaining some kind of initiative in their relations with their neighbours, will this talented people fulfil its true international role and at the same time solve its internal problems. The Israelis, in short, have to learn not merely to be good soldiers and good farmers but to be good diplomats.

The attitude of the Israeli towards the Arab has various aspects. For the mass of the people it is one of combined contempt and disquiet. Take, for instance, a place like Beersheba. This is a 'frontier' town with a Middle Western, rather than a Middle Eastern atmosphere, where you see settlers striding through the half-built streets, still with revolvers in their holsters for fear of the marauders—not Redskins, this time, but Bedouin—who threaten their security. For these people, the Arabs are simply a race of primitive, lawless bandits infesting the frontiers of a civilised state, and interfering with peaceable Jewish citizens as they go about their normal, lawful business. In the settlements right on the frontier the disquiet overrides the contempt. Here the settlers must be prepared for raids on their property and even threats to their lives. For the less hardened, this is a continuous source of nervous strain. The new immigrants, in particular, feel resentfully that they have simply exchanged one form of insecurity, in their countries of origin, for another, in what should be a land of milk and honey; and the Israeli Government has some difficulty in inducing them to settle anywhere near the frontier.

On the whole, however, the Arabs are regarded in Israel as a nuisance rather than a danger. Few responsible Israelis seriously believe that they are in a position to invade the country, however much they may threaten to do so. At the same time, they do feel that this is a serious danger to be faced in the future. For the Arabs, as they see it, have gained the initiative in the international field. Britain was always on their side, and now it seems that America is on their side as well. America's promise of arms to Iraq, at the time of my visit, caused a storm of anxiety

throughout Israel; the lifting of the ban on British arms to Egypt has done the same. There is, of course, a genuine fear that such arms must ultimately be used against Israel. Such a fear is reinforced by fire-eating statements from Arab leaders, to which the Israelis tend to react emotionally, taking them too much at their face value. Reproaches are poured on Britain and America for their alleged policy of 'appeasing' the Arabs. One hears continually—and, moreover, in responsible quarters—the old familiar arguments: 'We understand the Arabs. You don't. The only thing they respond to is a policy of force'. There is, in fact, little disposition really to understand the Arabs and, equally, little disposition to understand the necessity for the west, in the interests of international security, to build up its relations with the Arab States on a basis of partnership. 'He who is not with us', to the Israeli mind, 'is against us'. The Israelis have lost confidence in the good intentions of the Western Powers towards them. They are labouring under a sense of isolation both from east and from west.

To this they react in one of two ways. On the one hand there are those who favour the use of force against the Arabs. Force as an instrument of expansion—the dominant fear of the Arabs—plays little or no part in present Israeli calculations. The population of Israel is now static, and likely to remain so, apart from natural increase, for some time to come. It is in fact not much greater than it was in the time of the mandate; hence it should not need to overflow into the adjacent countries. What it needs is not more land but more industrial resources. There are still fire-eaters among the Jews, members of the Herut Party, who talk of establishing an Israeli empire over the whole of Jordan. But their words today have a rhetorical, period ring, and few take them very seriously.

On the other hand there is a strong militarist party in Israel—a party which would like to see Mr. Ben Gurion emerge once more as a war leader, and which, moreover, has some of his more intransigent lieutenants in influential posts. But when these people talk of war they mean a preventive, not an expansionist, war. The Arabs, they argue, are getting stronger. In a few years' time, thanks to western aid—American arms to Iraq, British arms to Jordan, the British evacuation of Egypt—they may be strong enough to invade, as they are for ever threatening to do. Is it not better, in that case, to get in the first blow, while they are still weak and divided, to march to the Jordan and settle this frontier question once and for all, thus giving Israel some peace in which to proceed with her development?

A section of the Israeli Army thinks this way, and it has the support of a minority of Israeli politicians. It was to appease this element—as well as to bolster up the morale of the new immigrant settlers—that the raids of Qibya and Nahaleen took place. Its hand, moreover, may be detected in the more recent frontier disturbances. The pattern of these, which grows clearer as time goes on, is a sharp, Israeli military response to Arab infiltration of a predominantly civilian nature. The Jewish attacks are out of all proportion to Arab provocation, which in fact is lessening, not increasing. They are the work of Israeli military and paramilitary groups, acting often perhaps on their own initiative, but with the knowledge that they have the blessing if not the backing of a section of their leaders.

'The Vast Majority Want Peace'

All the same these militant elements still represent a minority in the country. The vast majority of the Israelis want peace—peace in which to cultivate their gardens—and the present Coalition which rules the country is an essentially pacific government. But its peace policy does tend to be more negative than positive. It is in essence a defensive policy: a policy of dogged determination to resist threats of Arab aggression without conceding an inch of ground, territorial or otherwise. The Israelis are a victorious nation, who tend to the view that the initiative for peace must come from their defeated enemies. In history, it is sad but true, the generous conqueror has been rare, but he has usually benefited. The Israelis have all the more reason to emulate him, because they stand to gain so much—so much more indeed than their

enemies—from peace, and to lose so much without it. But their leaders, though they are European in origin, are still young in political experience. They still lack the long-term vision, the flexibility, the sense of give and take, which the making of peace requires. They lack, perhaps, psychology: the gift of unravelling the tangled skein of Arab political motives in order to find some loop-hole through it. They lack, if not goodwill, then the will to convince the Arabs, in concrete terms, that their desire for peace is genuine.

The Israelis will tell you that they have made numerous peace overtures to the Arabs—offers of frontier adjustments, compensation to refugees, and so forth—but that they have all been contemptuously rejected. They are therefore inclined to shrug their shoulders and declare in a passive, almost a defeatist, spirit that the Arabs do not want peace. This is to some extent true. The Arabs, with their more primitive economic and political structure, stand to lose less than the Jews from a continuing state of insecurity. They may prefer to use this insecurity, together with the plight of the Arab refugees, as a weapon in international diplomacy. This is indeed the policy of the Arab League: that is to say, of the Arab states collectively.

Arab Fears

But it is I think, an over-simplification of their individual attitudes. There are various sides to the Arab psychology. On the one hand, their actions are those of a stiff-necked, unrealistic people, filled with a revengeful hatred of the Jews. On the other hand, they are those of a proud people smarting under the indignity of defeat. Moreover, they are those of a frightened people. Their apparent defiance—that bark which is so much worse than their bite—is derived from a genuine, if misguided, fear of Israeli expansion. Again, they differ among themselves. Certain Arab states may stand to gain little from peace with the Jews. But other Arab states stand to gain more, and the state of Jordan, in particular, stands to gain much. In an appropriate atmosphere, Israel's immediate neighbours, at least, could surely be induced to listen to peace proposals of a really constructive and concrete nature. Moreover, in every Arab state there are younger elements with a western education, which can be won round to a more realistic point of view. The offers made by the Israelis so far—frontier adjustments on the basis of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, compensation for refugees covering only their frozen balances—have been inadequate to reassure the Arabs. An offer of peace, to have any chance of acceptance by an Arab state, must take account of three main factors: it must salve Arab pride and thus involve some sacrifice of Jewish pride; it must appeal to the Arab sense of justice, righting what the Arabs—though not, indeed, the Jews—regard as a wrong; and it must appeal to Arab material interests.

In the present atmosphere, no comprehensive peace offer is likely to succeed. The problem must be approached by stages. As a first stage the tension on the frontier must be reduced. Perhaps the only way to do this is to build some physical barrier, a United Nations barbed wire curtain between Jordan and Israel. Secondly, Israel should have equal treatment with the Arab states in the supply of arms by the west, so that each side can feel that it has less to fear from the other.

As a further stage the Israelis could show their goodwill by a change of policy towards the Arab minority in Israel itself. Galilee, where the bulk of these Arabs remain, is today a sad country, strangely isolated in spirit, and to a great extent in fact, from the rest of Israel. The Arabs enjoy relatively few of the material benefits of the Israeli state. They are subjected to an alien, military rule, not always tactful in its attitude. More generous treatment of them could hardly endanger the security of Israel, and would go far to prove the good intentions of the Israelis towards the Arabs as a whole.

When we reach the stage of more positive peace measures, the prospects of a settlement are still hampered by the firm refusal of the Israelis to make concessions—particularly of territory—without reciprocal concessions by the Arabs. But, within these limitations, there is still one form which an initial peace gesture could take. The Israelis have always accepted, in principle, the obligation to pay compensation for the lands and property of the Arab refugees. But they have yet to make the Arabs a concrete offer. Today they are themselves receiving a substantial sum—the present equivalent of about £20,000,000 a year—from the Germans, by way of reparations to the Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany. The offer by the Israelis of an equally substantial sum for the Arab refugees from Israel—not less, say, than £100,000,000 in all—could hardly fail to impress the Arab mind. It could moreover be accompanied by a renewal of the Israeli offer, made three years ago,

to take back 100,000 Arab refugees—peasants who are producers rather than consumers and who might well benefit the Israeli economy by working marginal lands unsuited to mechanised agriculture.

Made unconditionally, an offer of compensation on such a scale would rank as a moral as well as a material gesture, a sign of Israeli goodwill which would at the same time materially assist the economic development of the Arab states. Made with United Nations backing, with safeguards for the appropriate expenditure of the money, it would be a gesture which the Arabs might find it hard to refuse—particularly the Jordanians, who have the largest number of refugees, including influential Palestinians with large properties in Israel. Their acceptance of such an offer would not be a guarantee of peace. But it would create a climate in which peace talks might in time become possible.

To create such a climate is, in my view, essential to Israel, not merely in the material but in the moral sense. Zionism has achieved its immediate territorial objective. The people of Israel—or at least a substantial minority of them—have returned to their fatherland. But its original objectives went further than this: they were in the second place cultural, in the third place international. Zion, as originally conceived, was to serve as a spiritual centre for the Jews of the world; and it was to give them a normal international status with regard to the other peoples of the world. Obviously it is not for a non-Jew to pass judgement on the religious aspects of Israel. At the same time, the new state is developing, as Israelis will admit, a distinctly secular trend, and the ironical situation may well arise that Judaism thrives more strongly in the *Diaspora* than in Israel itself.

There remains the international aspect of Zionism. Its founders envisaged a future in which the Jew would be emancipated from what one Israeli writer has called 'the damnable dichotomy that divides the world into Jews and Goyim, a dichotomy which was our own equivalent of Greeks and Barbarians'. They envisaged a future in which the Jew would serve as a civilising force, in the world as a whole and among the more backward races of the Middle East in particular. For this reason many Jews favoured a bi-national rather than a purely national Jewish state. They hoped that Zionism would, as it were, skip the nationalist stage, common to other nations, and develop from the outset an international character. But this did not come about. Instead, Israel shows every sign today of developing an exclusive national character. It is a tragic paradox that the Jews, who, above all people in the world, could be an influence for the breaking down of international barriers, should find themselves today confined within the limits of a barrier as formidable as the Iron Curtain itself. If Zionism is to achieve its international mission the Israelis must strive, on their own initiative, to break down this barrier and to build in its place, at whatever sacrifice, the foundations of a helpful, peaceful relationship with their less adult, less favoured Arab cousins.

Herzl, at the beginning of the century, wrote a novel called *Altneuland*, in which he envisages a Utopian Jewish state. It pursues the middle road between individualism and collectivism; it is based on tolerance, on respect for the foreigner, on friendship between Arab and Jew; and at its annual Passover festival are gathered together, in Herzl's words, 'Catholic priest, Russian Pope, Protestant minister, Turkish Pasha'. Only if the Israelis keep such a picture prominently in mind will they fulfil the true ideals of Zionism, and establish for Israel that secure and respected place in the world which its people abundantly deserve.—*Third Programme*

A distinguishing feature of the *Oxford Junior Encyclopedia* has been its treatment of different fields of knowledge in different volumes. With the publication of *Volume XII, The Arts* (O.U.P., Cumberlege, 30s.) ten of the twelve volumes have now appeared and the merits or demerits of the scheme are plain to see. On the one hand is the consideration that the young reader will have his favourite volume, *Engineering*, say, or *Great Lives*, and read it almost as though it were any other book. But the old-fashioned way of making an encyclopedia, beginning with A in the first volume and ending with Z in the last, has its advantages too. One can be sure of subjects being treated at a length proportionate to their importance. If one volume suffices for *The Home*, how can one be sure that exactly the same number of pages will be enough for *The Arts*? In this otherwise excellent encyclopedia—certainly the best available for everyone up to school-leaving age—more space is devoted to Highwaymen than to Islamic Art, and Bus has lengthier treatment than Italian Literature. True, the more general articles are supported by a system of cross-references: a real defect, however, exists. The new volume, like all the others, is beautifully produced, copiously illustrated, well written, and remarkably cheap to buy.

The Argument between England and Scotland

By the Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, C.H., M.P.

THE recurring arguments, partly economic, partly political, between Scotland and England, have both a particular and a general importance. The particular importance is, of course, obvious. To what extent is England exploiting or subsidising Scotland? And, if either, what ought to be done about it? The general importance of the argument, however, is also considerable. For the quarrel—and the bond—between the two countries is the existence of an integrated economy, the result of a pooling of their national sovereignty. These phrases are nowadays familiar; and they raise poignant issues. They are the very points over which western Europe is in such travail today. However much they may seem to be settled, they will always recur; that is the lesson of the argument between England and Scotland.

The European Defence Community, or any similar organisation, must have as its cardinal feature a supra-national authority; which, put the other way round, means that each of the units comprising it will have, to that extent, an infra-national authority. This cannot be got round by saying that these organisations are only a pooling of authority for defence purposes. The inseparable linking of modern armed force with heavy industry, with communications, with capital investment of every kind, means that the supra-national authority is bound to increase, and the national—or infra-national—authority is bound to diminish.

Indeed, a parallel European authority, the Coal and Steel Cartel under the Schuman Plan, has already been brought into existence; and this body does not in any way limit its activities to defence purposes, nor is it meant to. In fact, it is specifically intended as a step towards a general supra-national authority, and it includes that touchstone of authority, the right to levy taxes under its own seal.

Two Important Documents

Two important documents, *The Scottish Economy* by Professor A. K. Cairncross and his colleagues at Glasgow University, and the *Report of the Royal Commission on Scottish Affairs*, both published recently, examine this problem in much detail, though they cover, of course, much more ground than that. The Cairncross Report discusses all those features of the social and economic life of Scotland which can be measured in figures. If one had any general criticism to make, it would be that the Report frequently devotes too much of its time to the figures and too little to the discussion. The Royal Commission had as its short title *On Scottish Affairs*. But its main object was an analysis of the financial, economic, administrative, and other considerations involved in the exercise of government functions in Scotland.

On the question of exploitation or subsidy, a determination of the Scottish national income, and its comparison with that of England, naturally takes a prominent place. This is not so easy; precisely because the integration of the Scottish and English economies has gone so far. Scotland cannot be said to have a national income as Sweden or Eire has a national income. The Scottish national income is defined and measured, by the authors of the Cairncross Report, as simply the aggregate of incomes received by, or attributable to, individuals ordinarily resident in Scotland. Obviously the Scottish national income should include some share of the property income of the United Kingdom Government. On the other hand, a share of the interest paid on the United Kingdom national debt should be deducted. But there is no agreed principle defining Scotland's responsibility for the national debt.

These and other similar problems can be roughly solved by attributing the payments and receipts to individuals. It is admittedly an arbitrary method. But it cannot be very far away from any scheme of allocation which might be agreed politically. The difficulty is that this reflects fairly accurately what the position is but not what the position might be. The Scottish position could be, and should be, much better. The real problem is how to improve it.

The Cairncross Report found that the increase in income per head in Scotland had been about the same during the years 1924-48 as the increase for the whole United Kingdom, but not quite the same. For the population of Scotland was a lower proportion of the total United

Kingdom population at the end of that time than it had been at the beginning. Also, before the war, the income per head of Scotland increased at a markedly lower rate than that of England. After the war—between 1944 and 1948—it fell, considerably faster. It was the war years which brought the Scottish figures up, and they have since declined towards the pre-war pattern, that is to say a lower real income per head in Scotland than in England.

Lower Wage Level

The reasons for that are, statistically, a lower level of wage-earnings in Scotland, and the fact that Scottish wage-earners formed a smaller proportion of the total United Kingdom wage-earning population than the gross population figures would warrant. This is partly due to a higher level of unemployment in Scotland; partly to the pattern of Scottish industry, which possesses more agriculture and fewer large manufacturing units, and partly to a concentration of the higher salaries in the south of England.

There is another factor which should be taken note of: the considerably higher rate of emigration from Scotland, which has persisted for many years. I shall return to that.

In so far as the modern trend, both in legislation and in economic practice, is to benefit the lower-income groups, this favours Scotland and, it may be contended, amounts to an English subsidising of Scotland. On the other hand, this higher proportion of the lower-income groups in Scotland, this concentration, for example, of the higher salaries in the south of England, is exactly where the Scottish complaint lies. These arguments will never be completely resolved. They are not confined to the United Kingdom. There are far greater differences between, say, different states in the United States, or different regions in Italy, than those which we have just been considering.

When these problems are re-stated as arguments between the worshippers of nations—the gods of our time—they become explosive. The revulsion from this approach sometimes drives men to the other extreme of pretending that there is really no problem at all. But there is a problem. To ignore it ends in the same *impasse* that Europe has reached, by pretending that there was nothing but factious opposition preventing the acceptance of the European Defence Treaties. Geography and history play their part, as well as economics, in determining what men choose.

The Cairncross Committee says that if income per head in Scotland is to be raised, more capital and more labour must come to Scotland, and the labour which works there must be employed efficiently, with up-to-date methods and machinery. They consider that the major difficulty lies in the field of capital investment, particularly that of private industry. 'On the enterprise and initiative of private industrialists', they say, 'real income in Scotland in the main depends', and 'it falls on them to make the decisions which will determine the future of the Scottish economy'. But all this is subject to the qualifying clause 'within the varying limits set by government fiscal and monetary policies and direct controls'.

The Royal Commission

Here is the point at which we turn to the Royal Commission, a body of men and women drawn from different political parties and points of view, whose report, it is worth noticing, was unanimous. Their findings of fact were in close accord with those of the Cairncross Report. Their figures were more up to date, since they took in the returns up to the year 1952-53 instead of ending, as the Cairncross Report had to do, with the year 1948. They agree with the view that income per head of population is lower in Scotland than in England. On the question of exploitation they point out that 'local' expenditure—that is to say government expenditure from Exchequer funds for the special benefit of the country in question, such as health, housing, food, and agricultural subsidies, etc.—took up a larger share of Scotland's contribution to

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The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Flights Ahead

THE Farnborough air display or, more precisely, the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' annual show, was seen by hundreds of thousands of people last week-end and was patronised by many foreign visitors. In the course of last week the B.B.C. Home Service provided four important talks under the title of 'The Shape of Wings to Come' to link with the display. The first of these talks by Sir Ralph Cochrane is published on another page today and the other three talks will appear in THE LISTENER in subsequent weeks. From these talks, and articles that have been published elsewhere about the display, the ordinary lay reader will be able to acquire a glimpse, maybe even a working knowledge, of the present and future of British aircraft. The aircraft industry has a dual function: first, it is essential to the defence of this country: those of us who lived through the last war will never forget what we owed to the Spitfires and Hurricanes; secondly, it is an expanding home and export industry which enhances our international prestige and contributes substantially to our high standard of living. Last year our exports were worth over £65,000,000 as compared with £14,000,000 after the end of the war, though there has been some slight falling off lately.

In the field of civil aviation Britain led the way with the production of jet-propelled airliners. Unhappily the disasters to the de Havilland Comets and their withdrawal from service this year have cast a shadow over our progress—though it is good to know from statements recently made by the Minister of Supply that changes in these aircraft are thought to be practicable without any fundamental redesigning. The de Havilland company showed its faith in the Comets by exhibiting both the Comet II and Comet III at Farnborough. Meanwhile the Vickers Viscount jet-propelled aircraft are selling well, over 150 being on order. And another jet-propelled airliner, the Bristol Britannia, which was also to be seen at Farnborough, is now coming into production; it is expected that the first four will be delivered to British Overseas Airways before the end of the year. Nevertheless the powerful American civil aircraft industry is now developing jet-propelled airliners (the Boeing 707 made its maiden flight in July) and there is a danger that our present lead will be lost.

If British industry has hitherto led the way in jet-propelled aircraft, we have still some way to go in the production and use of helicopters. These are essential to reduce the length of the journeys from busy cities to airports. However, the provision of a helicopter landing site in London and the decision of our military leaders to make more use of these machines should stimulate activity in this direction. Jet-driven helicopters will unquestionably be a feature of the immediate future and a British contribution is a type of helicopter which combines the principles of rotor blades and fixed wings. Finally, we have been told of the experiments in vertical take-off for aircraft being undertaken by Rolls-Royce (the so-called 'flying bedsteads') which are intended to solve the problem of doing without the long runways needed to launch fast aeroplanes into the sky. When we add to all these developments the future possibilities of passenger transport aeroplanes with rocket motors which will fly at a speed faster than sound, and of supersonic fighters like the English Electric P.1, we should gain some notion of the exciting flights that lie ahead both for ordinary passengers in a hurry and for the Royal Air Force pilots on whom our future safety so much depends.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Manila Conference

The speedy achievement of agreement at the Manila Conference, culminating in the signing of the South-East Asian Treaty on September 8, was welcomed by many commentators in the free world, though a number of them shared the opinion of an Australian newspaper which said 'The treaty does not take the definite form we might have hoped for'. The *Sydney Morning Herald*, after pointing to the weaknesses of the treaty from a military point of view, was, however, quoted as welcoming Pakistan's adherence, and adding:

The agreement to bring other south-east Asian countries within the fold of collective security, but only to act in their defence if they explicitly invite Seato's protection, is a practical and realistic approach to the problem created by the abstention of such states as Burma, whose security is so vital to the whole area. They are offered protection in time of need, but assured that it cannot be forced upon them.

American press reaction was mixed. *The New York Times* hailed the treaty as a 'triumph of American foreign policy and a personal triumph for Mr. Dulles', while the *Chicago Tribune* was quoted as saying:

The new Asiatic alliance is sillier than most, for the seven other nations we are taking under our wing will refuse to have any part in the defence of Formosa.

The newspaper also criticised the United States Government system of interlocking alliances, which ensured that the United States will be involved 'in any war anywhere', even though no American interest is involved. Reaction from India was very negative. The left-wing *Times of India* was quoted as saying that the immediate effect of the treaty would be to arouse new suspicions among the communists, without in any way guaranteeing south-east Asian security. From Japan, *Asahi Shimbun* was quoted as saying that the point of most interest to Asian nations was whether the new treaty would raise the freedom and economic life of south-east Asia to a point where the area was worth defending:

If stress is laid only on defence measures, then the defence system will become a mere sand castle built on Manila's beaches.

Comment from Moscow and Peking was extremely critical. A talk repeatedly broadcast to Soviet home listeners spoke of 'a most undisguised, aggressive, and offensive alliance'. A Polish broadcast claimed that the visit to China of Mr. Aitlee and his colleagues, at a time when 'intensified provocations' were being carried out by the Americans, showed, among other things, that 'important sections of British opinion are hostile to the aggressive Seato and that more and more people are for peaceful coexistence'.

This Polish broadcast was made before the Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* which attacked Mr. Aitlee for 'slandering' the Soviet Union and China after enjoying their hospitality, in order to curry favour with the United States.

A Chinese transmission described the Seato treaty as 'a war alignment from top to tail'.

It is clear to the Asian people that the aim of the American war group in rigging up the south-east Asian bloc is to force the south-east Asian countries to be hostile to China and to instigate a war of Asians against Asians.

Other Chinese broadcasts continued to promise the 'liberation' of Formosa. A Peking message from *Pravda's* correspondent on the Quemoy-Amoy clashes, broadcast on the Moscow home service, stated:

The recent military provocations by Kuomintang bandits on Formosa and islands along the coast have caused justified indignation and anger among the Chinese nation. Chinese patriots understand . . . that the time has come to liquidate Chiang Kai-shek's gang and fulfil the sacred task of completely liberating the country. . . . By provoking armed incidents in Chinese coastal provinces, the Kuomintang bandits, who have gone mad, are only digging their own graves.

Other Soviet broadcasts gave publicity to the Soviet Note to the United States on the shooting down of the United States aircraft in the Pacific.

A broadcast from east Germany declared:

The coast of Asia seems to exert a magical attraction for American disturbers of the peace, and infringements of Asian territory, and shooting at peaceful Chinese ships by Chiang Kai-shek's aircraft go on day after day. . . . But the 600,000,000 Chinese people will not tolerate pinpricks from this gangster very much longer.

Did You Hear That?

PERSONALITIES ON PAPER

FROM THE WEALTH of archives in the Public Record Office in London an exhibition has been arranged in which the emphasis is on the literary interest discovered in some of the state papers and property transactions lodged there. DONALD MILNER described some of these exhibits in 'The Eye-witness'.

'At first sight', he said, 'it consists of an empty room lined with tables, on which are spread about twenty-five pieces of old paper and parchment lit by green shaded lamps. At one end is the re-bound Domesday Book of 1087, and in the middle of the room stands the black chest in which it was kept in the Middle Ages, and that is all. But as you pass from one document to the next the personalities of gentlemen of letters long dead emerge from their written words. It is not always easy to read them as the documents date back as far as Chaucer, and there are many scripts which are more or less illegible to the uninitiated before the English round hand emerges with the poet Milton in the seventeenth century.

'Chaucer writes not as the father of English poetry but as Controller of the Wool Quay of the Port of London, appointing a deputy while he is in France and Milton not as the author of 'Paradise Lost' but as a disgruntled Oxford landowner, who finds that his tenants have been forbidden to pay him rent. The handwriting, incidentally, betrays his approaching blindness. Wordsworth and Coleridge are found not as revered Lake poets, but as the subjects of a detective's report to the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, on the goings on of what he calls "a mischievous gang of disaffected Englishmen" in a Somerset country house. Again, it is Shakespeare the man of property, Defoe the fugitive from royal displeasure, and Shelley the political pamphleteer who appear in this exhibition. On the other hand, Queen Elizabeth I is represented by a translation in her own hand from a Latin thesis of one of the early Christian Fathers.

'Some of the documents show that their subjects were not as celebrated in their own day as they are now. Thomas de Quincey had published his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* twenty years before 1844, but he was clearly unknown to the civil servant who annotated his claim to the Secretary of War in that year. The official describes his letter as rather a curiosity but adds: "It is obviously written by a man of taste and talent". It is manuscripts like this, with their marginal comments, which make of the Public Record Office exhibition an entertaining scrapbook of English literary personalities'.

SONGS AND DANCES OF HEREFORDSHIRE

'Ella Mary Leather was one of the greatest and most successful collectors of folk-lore and folk-song, and her book, *The Folk-lore of Herefordshire*, is a classic of its kind', said LAVENDER BURNE in a talk in the Midland Home Service. 'There are some people who are so much a part of their environment that it is impossible to think of them in any other setting. Such a person was Mrs. Leather. She would, no doubt, have graced any village, but to her there was no other village to be compared with Weobley, in Herefordshire. She was the daughter

of a "gentleman" farmer, as they used to be called, of Dilwyn. She had a high-school education, and in her late teens she met and married a young solicitor, Francis Leather, and came to live in Weobley at the turn of the century.

'Weobley is an unusual village. There are some better examples of black and white half-timbering in the county, but it lies in a somewhat remote position, away from main roads or railways, and is not "on the way" to anywhere. The scene must have altered very little in the past century—some tarmac on the roads, a few finger-posts to replace the muddy ruts and milestones, and that is all. Those were the lanes and fields, the hop-yards, the cottages, where Mrs. Leather reaped her harvest of folk-lore.

'One old countryman, William Colcombe, who died in 1911 in Weobley workhouse, sang more than thirty traditional songs and carols to Mrs. Leather, and was reputed to be the last man in Herefordshire to wear the smock. He regarded himself as her fellow-collector, and would come eagerly with his latest piece of information, saying "Got another bit for 'ee, Miss". By listening patiently Mrs. Leather was able to discover the genuine old song or scrap of folk-lore. This she noted down for later inclusion in her book, *The Folk-lore of Herefordshire*. The idea of making this collection of folk-lore, which is one of the most comprehensive in the English language, followed a request from friends who were interested in a chapter she had contributed to *The Memorials of Old Herefordshire*. It was discovered that no systematic record had been made of the old country customs and traditions which were rapidly dying out. Mrs. Leather had every quality needed to gather them in.

'She had not sufficient musical knowledge to be able to note by ear the tunes she heard, and in those days there was no tape-machine to come to her aid. Miss Lucy Broadwood, of the Folk-Song

Society, put her in touch with Dr. Vaughan Williams who lent her an Edison phonograph with a recorder and reproducer. Singers were often so surprised at hearing their own voices played back to them that the more reluctant were also induced to sing. In one case Mrs. Leather bribed a gypsy, Angelina Whatton, with the promise of an old silk blouse if she would sing, and she obtained from her a number of carols, several of which appear in *Twelve Traditional Carols of Herefordshire*. One old gypsy, Harriet Jones, a typical Romany from her photograph, with weather-beaten skin and high cheekbones, the mother of fifteen children, had a large repertory of songs. Dr. and Mrs. Vaughan Williams and Mrs. Leather went to look for her one fine September evening in 1912 when Harriet and her husband and family were hop-picking at Monkland, near Leominster. It was on this occasion that Harriet's son, Alfred, sang "The Unquiet Grave" to Dr. Vaughan Williams. As well as songs, Mrs. Leather collected a number of dances which had already begun to die out'.

THE KISSY PENNY

'A recent examination', said SIR HILARY BLOOD in a Home Service talk, 'of the left-over coins of a continental journey to two countries disclosed currency of five sovereign states, and a longer journey in



Half-timbered houses in Weobley, Herefordshire

South Africa and the Indian Ocean showed traces of seven. I brought these travel trophies to the foreign currency branch of my bank—anything, I thought, is grist to the mill these days. But I found that the mills of the bank ground exceeding small. "You had better leave it with me", said a somewhat harassed employee, "we shall have to calculate the escudo exchange rate". "With pleasure", I replied, "just credit the proceeds to the account". In due course they did: I found a credit entry of one and sevenpence.

'The Kissy penny' in the eastern area of Sierra Leone is a queer currency indeed. Kissy pennies are long thin bars of iron—about the length of a knitting needle and as fat as a lead pencil. They have a blunt barbed end and can be conveniently carried either like a bundle of firewood or inserted in the flowing locks of the local ladies as hair-pins. These pennies are made of locally produced iron and are said to vary in value in relation to the value of palm kernels—which are the important produce of the district. (As if an English farmer's pennies went up and down in value according to the value of the milk he sold—which I suppose in a way they do.) I wonder what my friend in the bank would have said to a bundle of these tokens passed to him through his protective grille? The escudo exchange rate would be a simple sum in comparison. Does the Kissy penny still exist, I wonder?

A GREAT NEGRO SCIENTIST

In the whole of American history, only three national birthplace monuments have been erected. One is to George Washington, the second to Abraham Lincoln, and now these are being joined by the third, which is to commemorate Dr. George Washington Carver, the great Negro scientist. International recognition began for Carver in 1916, when he was elected to the Royal Society in this country. Many other honours followed, to be crowned by this new one; his national birthplace monument, created by the American Congress. It consists of a lovely 200-acre park, which is known as Carver's first laboratory. DR. RICHARD PILANT spoke about Dr. Carver in 'The Eye-witness'.

'I am from Carver's birthplace in Missouri', he said, 'and my kinsman owned Dr. Carver as a slave in the eighteen-sixties. When I last saw Dr. Carver in Tuskegee, six months before his death, he was already in his eighties; a stooping, almost emaciated figure, but the deep-set eyes still had the fire of youth. His conversation was very sparing, he certainly was not a waster of words or of time. He was interested only in what he could still accomplish in the short time left to him. He had never reached the age of reminiscence. His interest was not in the past but in the future, in the age of scientific peace and plenty, which he had predicted would come with further research.

'Carver's life was one of unending labour and hardship. His father died before the boy was born. He and his mother, both slaves, were kidnapped by irregulars during the Civil War and his mother was never recovered. He grew up without a known blood-relative of any kind, utterly alone, and remained all his life a lonely figure. Even as a freed man, it was against the law for him to go to a white school. He had to leave home to find a Negro grade school through which he could work his way—doing menial work, any honest work to pay his way. Years of itinerant schooling in three states followed. Yet in 1892 he took the degree of Master of Science at Iowa State College, working there as a botanist until 1896. He left this fine position as a laboratory scientist to go to the Far South to work among poor Negroes, many of whom could not even read or write. He went to teach in a school that did not have a building for a laboratory, much less a laboratory.

'That was at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, and there he remained for the rest of his dedicated life. He repeatedly refused fabulous offers from great industrialists and foreign nations, but money, power, and position held no meaning for him. When he retired, that is when he

died, at the age of eighty-three, he was still one of the poorest-paid men on the faculty. His salary was never raised in forty-seven years; the explanation was that he was already more than ten years behind in the cashing of his cheques.

'Freedom to do scientific research was the only thing that mattered to a creative mind like his. He set a new pattern of scientific research for social welfare and became the poor man's scientist, trying to find how he could put more food in their stomachs, more clothing on their backs, and better shelter over their heads. But Dr. Carver was a saint-scientist. He not only refused cash for his discoveries, he never even sought credit for having made them. Carver became the founder of the science of synthetics, by creating more than 1,000 substitute products. He called synthetics "the fourth kingdom", an addition to the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. He was a deeply religious man who felt that he vindicated the Divine plan in his research, by showing that there was no such thing as waste—although he freely admitted there were many things for which we, in our ignorance, still have not found use. He showed that if all the crops should fail, we could survive on a balanced diet of weeds or "unrecognised vegetables", as he called them. And it is on such work as this that Carver's reputation as the world's greatest coloured man of science rests'.



Dr. George Washington Carver at work in one of the analytical laboratories of the Tuskegee Institute, Alabama

TEACHING BY LOVE

Speaking in the Home Service on the modern schoolboy, GUY WILLIAMS said that one of the maxims he learned in his training year was 'If you can teach in east London you can teach anywhere', and another, 'Never turn your back on a class'. 'One of my fellow students', he continued, 'had been to a lecture-demonstration on "Teaching by Love". In a desk in the front row, a hulking great schoolboy was chewing an apple. He continued to munch it noisily while the student-teachers filed in. The lecturer walked across to him. "Would you mind putting that apple away?" he asked. The boy looked him up and down disdainfully and continued to eat, if anything even more noisily. "Put that apple away!" Still the boy chewed.

'The lecturer got hold of him by the scruff of the neck, yanked him out of the desk, picked him up by the collar and the seat of the trousers, carried him across the room to the door, and slung him out into the corridor.

"Now, gentlemen", he said, closing the door, "we will resume our lesson on Teaching by Love".

ORIENTAL ARCHAEOLOGY A LA MODE

'To the twenty-third International Congress of Orientalists at Cambridge came nearly 1,000 scholars from Asia, from Europe and from America', said BURNARD SELBY in 'London Calling Asia'. 'Among the Asian representatives were Arabs, Persians, Indians, Pakistanis, Chinese, and Japanese. Many delegates seemed to feel that this Congress was part of the increasing interest of the Soviet Union in peaceful coexistence with the west. These ideas were confirmed when a Polish delegation arrived and then a telegram was received by one of the members of the Far Eastern group from the Cultural Committee of the Chinese People's Government. The telegram wished the conference well but regretted that it had not been able to send a delegation because all the Chinese archaeologists were busy digging and could not be spared. But the spirit was obviously willing, although delegates remembered that the Chinese had been invited in the first place and had not then replied. In their absence, the Russian scholars spoke up for them. It was quite like the United Nations Assembly. At the end of a Russian lecture on a Chinese subject, the Russian scholar would say: "The Soviet people profoundly respect the freedom-loving Chinese people, and are contributing to the noble cause of strengthening the friendship between the Soviet Union and the Chinese People's Republic". It was edifying but not what an academic congress expected'.

The Shape of Freedom

By DINGLE FOOT

MY subject here is the meaning of freedom. I am using 'freedom' and 'liberty' as interchangeable terms: they have different roots but in modern English usage they have come to mean precisely the same thing. The question is, what do they mean? It is obvious that they have been, and still are, used in an enormous variety of different contexts and with very different shades of meaning. When the Roman captain said to Paul 'With a great sum purchased I this freedom' he meant something rather different from Mr. Kravchenko who seven years ago escaped from the Soviet Union and wrote a book called *I Chose Freedom*.

The Sabbath Day Fight

It so happens that I was born some forty-nine years ago in Plymouth, at a house called No. 1, Freedom Park Villas. It took its name from the nearby Freedom Fields, the place where, in 1643, there took place what is known as the Sabbath Day Fight. That was when the parliamentary garrison at Plymouth, who had been besieged by the Royalist forces for nearly twelve months, sallied out and routed the besiegers and thereby achieved one of the decisive victories of the Civil War. So the name Freedom Fields may be understood in either of two senses: it commemorates both the liberation of Plymouth and the triumph of the Parliamentary forces over those who sought to maintain the despotism of Charles I.

Now let me take a somewhat different example. Early this year I happened to be in the Gold Coast in the opening stages of their general election campaign. Although I had no association with any political party in the Gold Coast I was driven for several miles in a car belonging to a prominent supporter of the Convention People's Party—the party that is led by Dr. Nkrumah. Flying from the front was the party flag of red, white, and green. Wherever we went we were greeted with cries of 'Freedom, freedom', always with the accent on the last syllable. The meaning was clear enough. What the people of the Gold Coast meant by freedom was not freedom in the personal sense, not what is meant in this country by the phrase 'the liberty of the subject', but self-government and the end of colonial rule. So it is abundantly clear that the word is used in a whole variety of different senses.

Even so, the words 'freedom' and 'liberty' are frequently misused. Because they are essentially popular words, that is to say words that conjure up pleasurable associations in the minds of almost everyone, they are often invoked for somewhat doubtful purposes. So let us try at least to define our terms and to distinguish between freedom and some of the other conceptions which are often associated with it. Take, for example, the word 'democracy'. People in this country and America especially are apt to speak as if 'democracy' and 'freedom' mean the same thing. They use phrases like 'the free world' and 'our democratic way of life' as if they were almost interchangeable. It may be argued that a man is not completely free unless he has a voice in the government of his country and the right to take part in public affairs. But the idea that he is living in a free society simply because he is permitted to vote at elections is manifestly untrue. Democracy in theory means the rule of the people. In modern conditions it means the rule of elected representatives. We know from experience that a majority, or those whom a majority elects, can be just as oppressive, just as intolerant, and just as vindictive as any medieval tyrant or any modern dictator.

The voice of the people may be the voice of God: it is at least equally probable that it is the voice of the Devil. Take a simple example. We used occasionally to read that a black man had been lynched by a white mob somewhere in the deep south of the United States. That was in a sense, at any rate, a democratic proceeding. It was the will of the majority expressing itself in action. Yet such an event is incompatible with what most of us mean by 'a free society'. Then, again, we are accustomed in communist propaganda to hear reference to the New Democracies or the Peoples' Democracies of eastern Europe. Most of us react to those phrases with anger or with derision. We remind ourselves that in these countries all opposition has been suppressed, that trade unions are merely the organ of the

state, that newspapers are gagged and free speech forbidden, and that the courts are merely the instruments of oppression. But it does not in the least follow that these countries are undemocratic. It is just conceivable—although I for one certainly do not believe it—that the governments of these countries have the great mass of public opinion behind them. What we really mean when we criticise what goes on beyond the Iron Curtain is not that these nations are not democratic but that they are not free.

Then, again, there is a tendency, especially in the country, to confuse freedom with welfare. In this respect President Roosevelt, great man as he was, was one of the chief offenders. He spoke of the 'four freedoms—freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want, and freedom from fear'. He was there using the word 'freedom' in two wholly different senses. When he spoke of freedom of speech or freedom of worship he meant the liberty to choose—to choose one's words or one's party or one's church. I imagine that he meant something similar by the phrase 'freedom from fear'. But 'freedom from want', however desirable in itself, means something utterly and entirely different. It means not liberty but immunity. A slave or a prisoner may be free from want in the sense that all his material needs are fully satisfied. This is not just a question of words. It is, I suggest, a matter of the highest importance. I am not suggesting for one moment that welfare does not matter, and I am myself a strong believer in the welfare state. But do not let us speak, as some people do, as if social welfare and personal freedom can be weighed in the same scale—as if you could say to a man 'we have taken away your freedom to say what you please or go where you wish but we have given you a full stomach and so on balance you are just as free as you were before'. That argument, if pressed to its logical conclusion, means that the inhabitants of Dartmoor gaol are just as free as those of us who remain outside.

But it is much easier to say what freedom is not than to define what it is. Where does the real distinction lie between freedom and dictatorship? We are accustomed to speak of the free nations, by which we generally mean the members of the Atlantic Community and the British Commonwealth. Yet in all those countries people are subject to a great series of restraints, some of which, it may be, do not apply in the same degree under totalitarian regimes. The difference certainly does not lie in the fact that we hold elections and choose, or think we choose, our rulers. Almost every dictatorship—nazi, fascist, or communist—holds elections of a sort. Where, therefore, does the real difference lie? I would suggest that the only valid distinction is between government by law and government by caprice. A free country is one where the rulers, no less than the ruled, are subject to the law of the land. A dictatorship is a community where the rulers are above the law.

Island of Civil Liberties

Freedom is relative. Even in this country we tolerate indefensible restrictions on freedom of expression, notably our foolish censorship of plays and films. Nevertheless, it is probably true that nowhere in the world have civil liberties been more successfully developed and preserved than in this island. The reason is to be found precisely in the distinction I have mentioned, that is the distinction between law and caprice. Nearly every great landmark in the history of English freedom since Magna Carta has involved an assertion of the supremacy of the law over arbitrary power. The Civil War and the English Revolution took place because the Stuart kings sought to govern in defiance of the law of the land. When, a few days ago, a Polish stowaway was released from a ship in the river Thames by a writ of Habeas Corpus, we were reminded of that other case, nearly 200 years earlier, when James Somerset, a Negro slave, obtained his release in the same way, and the Chief Justice of the day, Lord Mansfield, declared: 'Every man who comes into England is entitled to the protection of English law whatever oppression he may have suffered and whatever may be the colour of his skin'.

Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to suppose, as many people are apt to do nowadays, that the threat to freedom comes only from the

state or from government officials, or that every extension of state activity necessarily represents an encroachment upon individual freedom. When I was a small boy my family used to spend their summer holiday in a Cornish farmhouse. The farm, like all the other farms in the neighbourhood, belonged to the local squire, who in those days could get rid of his tenants as and when he chose. One evening my father addressed a political meeting in the village. The squire's political views were, I need hardly say, of a different colour. A few days after the meeting all the farmers received a circular letter forbidding them, on pain of eviction, to take in summer visitors in future. It was an order which they dared not disobey. Nowadays, such a letter would be treated with contempt. That is because the state has intervened to protect the tenant against the landlord and by so doing has brought about the enlargement of freedom.

Nowadays, we are being reminded that there is a still further threat to human liberties, the threat which arises not from the arbitrary exercise of official discretion or economic power, but from sheer intolerance of minority opinion. The most obvious manifestation is McCarthyism. I have no kind of sympathy with people who speak of the United States in the same breath as countries beyond the Iron Curtain. In the United States there are no slave-labour camps and there is no knock on the door at three o'clock in the morning. Nevertheless, it is true that in some parts of the United States today a man may be deprived of his occupation or his life may be made well-nigh intolerable because he has once held, or been suspected of holding, left-wing opinions, or even because he associated with those who expressed such views. We in this country need not be too self-righteous about all this. In recent years we have had the spectacle of one county council imposing a political test on the headmasters of its schools and another county council requiring the teachers and doctors in their employ to belong to certain organisations. The councillors who were responsible were the

spiritual allies of Senator McCarthy. No doubt they had very different considerations in mind. But they were seeking, like the Senator and his friends, to penalise dissent.

There is no universal formula for preserving freedom. You may proclaim, as the American Founding Fathers did, that every man is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. You may have constitutional guarantees, as in France and Belgium. You may, as in this country, have your writ of Habeas Corpus and your independent judges. But what matters more than anything else is the climate of opinion in which you live. Mr. Lloyd George once said: 'Liberty is not merely a privilege to be conferred. It is a habit to be acquired'. He might have added that it is a habit which can be easily lost. It can be lost when we allow ourselves to be persuaded that considerations of mere administrative convenience should be allowed to override the rights of individual citizens. It is in danger of being lost if we allow without inquiry and without protest some flagrant denial of elementary civil liberties in a colonial territory for which we are responsible. And, finally, it can be lost when we allow anyone to be penalised simply for being different.

Let me try to arrive at a final definition. There are many aspects of freedom and an infinite number of ways in which it can be denied. It seems to me, however, that as good a definition as any was that which was given by the prophet Micah when he looked forward to a state of affairs in which 'They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree and none shall make them afraid'. Observe what that involves. They will sit there without a licence or an identity card or a passport. They will be in no danger of being deported without trial or denounced because of their opinions or evicted because of the colour of their skin or sent to a slave camp because the government has decided that the time has come to liquidate the owners of vines and fig trees. Those are the things which to my mind are implied by the words 'and none shall make them afraid'.—*Home Service*

Pilgrimage to the Snows

By FRANCIS WATSON

I AM no mountaineer. In the accounts of Himalayan expeditions, I think the parts I enjoy most are the early chapters, in those delectable regions from, say, 6,000 to 12,000 feet which are almost contemptuously called 'foothills'. This is where they acclimatise themselves in a fairly leisurely way, camping beside some cold and sparkling torrent, within sight of a monastery, waiting for stores to come up, fishing, walking, writing their last letters home, making friends with friendly people while the botanist and the ornithologist and the photographer have a wonderful time.

But I take it that the rigours of the ascent do have something to do with the enjoyment of the view, if any, from the summit. And I doubt if my first sight of the high snows of the Himalayas would have stayed quite so vividly in my mind's eye for the past fifteen years if I did not remember, almost equally clearly, the pilgrimage of which that sight was the end. I do not mean that I walked, like the holy men with their begging bowls who may take years and years on the road to Himachal, the throne of the gods. I walked only the last bit of it. After all, even Indian pilgrims get as far as they can by train—with or without tickets. Such discomforts as my journey afforded were not, I hope, embraced out of snobbery. They were not embraced at all. They were just endured, as being necessary to the desire to get as far as possible, and to see as much as possible, on very slender resources which could be replenished only by sheer hazard. The luxuries in which I wallowed from time to time in my wanderings about India before the war were nearly always due to hospitality—that sort of unexpected hospitality which in *The Arabian Nights* descends so dazzlingly upon the fisherman or the wayfarer or the prisoner awaiting execution. For the rest, I was a third-class traveller for the sufficient reason that I was a third-class person—or, if you like, a third-class economic unit.

There is more than one place where that first journey to the mountains might be said to have begun. In one sense it began near Madanapalle, on the edge of Mysore State in the south of India, and I think I will choose that now as my starting-point. For it was there that a lean, sunburned man with blue eyes came to the tent where I was

living, bringing some mail that had been forwarded to me. He was in Indian dress, but he turned out to be a Dane who had made a home of the simplest kind for himself in the lower Himalayas above Almora. The place that he described was more than 1,000 miles north, in a straight line, of the piece of ground where we were then both encamped. Emmanuel was not the Dane's real name, but someone gave it to him and it stuck—because before we parted we had become good enough friends for me to have been invited to share his mountain retreat if ever I came that way. That is how things happen in India. Two people without visible means of support can talk of meeting again 1,000 miles away. Even an address is not always necessary. Someone will pass a message on, or you will meet by chance among the moving millions.

And so I am no longer sure by what route a postcard got to me two or three months later in a different part of India. But I know that it reached me at precisely the right moment. The postcard said: 'Come where you already are—Emmanuel'. Where I was at that time—I mean in a sense apart from the pleasantly phrased invitation—it was extremely hot. It was high summer. The prickly heat was in my very soul. I looked at Emmanuel's postcard again and then got out my map. My own position was somewhere in the middle of that large peninsula which sticks out into the Arabian Sea, north of Bombay, in the shape of an elephant's ear. Kathiawar, it was called, criss-crossed by the invisible boundaries of hundreds of princely states and well sprinkled with odd characters. I traced out a collusion of small state railways which might get me on the way to Ahmadabad; and from Ahmadabad my map showed a line running up through Rajputana, more or less along the edge of the Thar desert, and finally reaching Delhi. I calculated I could just about do it by travelling third-class and of course spending the nights in the train. Anyway, it was too hot to eat. At Delhi there would be something left to collect out of a letter of credit I had bought long ago, and from Delhi I could find a way up to where, as Emmanuel had written, I already was. With the map spread out before me and an exhausted lizard obscuring my route I could almost believe him. The whole journey, when the lizard at length dragged himself off it, appeared

to measure 900 miles. My mind was made up, and I began to pack my bedding roll.

It was from Ahmadabad that the going became a bit rough. The third-class accommodation, so vital to my programme, was full. And anyone who has ever stood on an Indian platform and watched trains knows what that means. It means that there is no room on the footboards either, and probably none on the roof. However, the Indian railways provide small hutchies at the end of certain coaches which are known as servants' compartments. And in one of these I was able to travel on a wooden seat through all one day and the next night, with the bare feet of a more legitimate occupant across my chest. The windows of the narrow compartment had to be closed and shuttered to keep out the top surface of the desert. I think it was the longest day I can remember, before at last the fierce sun disappeared behind a wayside station, with a peacock screaming a last salute to it from a rubbish-heap. It occurred to me that if I had crawled piously on hands and knees all the way to the Himalayas I would not have been much more uncomfortable. Here, for what it was worth, was my bed of nails. Hardly conscious of being moved across the map, I sat and waited for release: which perhaps was the correct attitude, for I have noticed that in Hindi my fellow-travellers do not say 'Soon we shall reach Ajmer', or wherever it may be, but 'Ajmer is coming presently'. They waited patiently and confidently for their destination to be brought to them.

At last Delhi was brought to me, and a small room in a Hindu hotel in the main bazaar, where life went on below me day and night. It was my first visit to a city that I later came to know well, and that first memory is of a mirage of ancient tombs and towers, seen with aching eyes through a summer dust-storm. Mysteriously forming out of the yellow haze and again vanishing into it like Aladdin's palace was the great red fort, with its Moghul inscription translated for every tourist: 'If there be a paradise upon earth, it is here, it is here, it is here!' But my paradise lay higher. Another night in another train, and then from the railhead in the foothills the country bus that snakes its way up through woods of rhododendrons to the pines and the deodars, up and down and around as the scenery grows more majestic, the singing driver more carefree and the passengers more sick. But there is air at last, cool mountain-air, and the choking dust is left behind, shrouding the plains below.

The road up to Almora winds and loops and soars and plunges for seventy-nine miles to achieve a crow's-flight distance of about twenty-five miles: and the journey in that happily racketing bus takes a good



On the way from Almora to Binsar, in the foothills of the Himalayas

Photograph: Francis Watson



Nanda Devi from above the Bilju-Milam road

Royal Geographical Society

part of the day. It was a stage of my pilgrimage that I enjoyed: not least the mid-way pause in a valley, beside an eating-house built largely of old oil-cans, where over *puris* and vegetables and sweet tea I talked to another passenger, a Sikh who turned out to be a traveller in sports goods. I marvelled that business should bring him among these scattered hamlets clinging to the terraced hillsides. I marvelled still when he told me that his firm had received a substantial order for cricket-balls from Tibet. The marvellous, after all, is a proper element of pilgrimage, and during the rest of the journey I listened to a long story from another fellow-traveller, of a holy man who lived in a cave near to my destination, and of a she-bear who had fallen in love with him.

No bears accosted me on the final climb through the woods on foot in search of Emmanuel's cottage. On that first night in the mountains I was awakened once by the hoarse cry of the little barking deer. In the morning, when I went out to look around me, a cuckoo was calling. Pale hills rippled gently away into slate-blue mist on one side of the ridge. On the other the pine-trunks were like pencil-strokes against a parchment sky. Two thousand feet below, the terraced fields were dry and yellow. The high snows that I had promised myself were—nowhere at all.

But the nights were blessedly cool, and the days were what I thought high summer

should be like before I had been grilled on the Indian grid-iron. The hours went gently by in utter peace. Our food was simple and suited to our joint income. The tea and the tin of cheese that I had brought were the nearest things to luxury. Just to relax the limbs and the mind was wonder enough. Each day at our door a creeper produced its short-lived crop of passion-flowers, enamelled ornaments of ivory and blue. I could lie on my back and stare at the sky, the same sky to which I had hardly dared to raise my eyes down there where it closed in the world like a brazen lid. The snowy vulture, white and magnificent against an indigo thundercloud, might be a land-lost albatross until you saw the black wing-tips. From great distances you could hear a grass-cutter's song, or the flute of a herdsman. Sometimes when night had fallen we took out a gramophone and let the magic of Beethoven's last quartets brood over the darkness. I had almost forgotten that I had come all that way to worship snow-peaks.

One day we strapped our bedding on our backs and set off for a higher point along the ridge—Binsar. It was an easy climb of about eight miles, along sandy paths strewn with the fallen petals of rhododendrons, through woods pierced with swords of sunlight, and smelling of resin, and loud with the continual chorus of the cicadas that I can hear at this moment as I remember it. We arrived on the edge of a thunderstorm—not severe at that point, but away to the north-east I could see the torn clouds emptying themselves. Afterwards, about sunset, it seemed to me that the clouds had taken on so distinct a form that I drew Emmanuel's attention. I did not really think I could believe it

if he told me: but yes!—those were the mountains: incredibly, impossibly outlined half-way up the sky. I cannot describe or explain the excitement and happiness with which I lay down to sleep that night. But I know that my world had been enlarged.

In the morning I was up at a quarter to five and staring at the first lifting of the dawn. A grey mist hung over the hills and valleys. But far above it—now that I knew where to look—I saw again that rigid outline of peaks, dark against the faint luminosity of the sky. And instead of vanishing with the daylight they brightened at length to the distant gleam of snow: and remained thus till midday, hung there in the sky, the same blue below them and marking their shadows as above them. Somewhere in its hazy depths this pattern of white upon blue was based on eternal rock, the solid rim of everything. And that, in imagination, is the difference between the Himalayas and all other mountains. They are the edge, the end, the ultimate. It is no good arguing that they can be climbed or crossed, that great rivers flow north from them to the Arctic sea. On other visits to those hills, in autumn or winter, I watched that range of snow-peaks, Nanda Devi, Nanda Kot, Trisul, move nearer every day through the bright air. But still I gave no thought to Tibet or Sinkiang beyond them.

To the pilgrim from the plains of Hindustan that is how it must be. The snows are the source of the life-giving rivers, the home of the eternal forces, the end of the journey. And once you have made the journey, nothing is quite the same again.—*Home Service*

Civilisation and the Fruit Tree

By EDWARD HYAMS

THE last time I broadcast about the origin and spread of some of our fruit plants I gave a few historical examples of the manner in which these plants had reached us from their original habitat*. I should like here to examine the manner in which the economics, manners, and even religion of some of the communities through which fruit trees came to us, transformed those trees; and how, conversely, the plants, in some cases, transformed the communities of men; for, if we do not employ the term too strictly, the relationship between men and food plants can be seen as symbiotic. Man, by teaching himself techniques by means of which plants can be treated as the material of an art, uses wild plants as raw material out of which to produce a greatly changed cultivated plant; the plant, by offering man a profit, persuades him to care for it.

Homo faber; it is curious to me how little realisation there is of the fact that man not only makes works of art and science with inanimate material, but also makes plants. Why is it, I wonder, that so much scholarship and imagination have been used to study the inanimate protoartifacts of mankind, while the animate ones, surely as interesting, and still profitable, are neglected? A certain amount of—what shall I call it?—palaeopomology has been done. But the exciting bearing of its results on general archaeology seems to have been rather overlooked.

Man has made his food plants; but it was necessary not only to want to do this but to know how to do it and to possess the means. In the case of fruit trees, a great deal of our power to change their performance depends on the technique called grafting, especially when this is combined with cross-breeding. Few fruit trees anywhere today are grown on their own roots; but to me the interesting thing about this is that it all started not from any austere practical or physical need but from man's extraordinary determination to treat everything about him, even fellow living species, as material for art. Compared to the antiquity of high civilisation, it is probable that grafting is not an ancient craft. It is certainly much older than any record we have of it, but as far as actual evidence takes us, we should have to place the origin of grafting in Syria, and we cannot get any nearer to a date than to say that it was some time in the first millennium B.C. Even that is guesswork; maybe the craft was invented by the ancient Mesopotamian gardeners: we do not know. But we do know of the impact of this technique on the west.

It is easy to forget that Italy was not always a land of fruits. As late as the third century B.C. it was a country of vast forests, parkland

pastures, and considerable barley fields about the main settlements. Livy describes the south Tuscan forests as being impassable in 308 B.C. How was Italy so rapidly transformed into a fruit garden? Victor Heyn suggested that, in early Republican times, and just after the beginnings of expansion towards the east, Roman proconsuls returning from near Asia carried with them Syrian and Jewish gardeners. These patient and skilful slaves brought not only the improved fruit trees of their own country, but also improved techniques in pruning and grafting. It was thus that the better sorts of apples and pears, plums, cherries, mulberries, figs, and so forth came west.

I should like to digress, briefly, on the subject of the mulberry. The tree was brought west from Persia by way of Syria, for the sake of its fruit. This, while well enough liked, and also, according to *Maccabees*, being useful in provoking fury in fighting-elephants during war, was never of great economic importance. But, during the reign of Justinian, when the first silkworms were smuggled out of China by two Nestorian missionaries, the fact that the tree was by then common about Byzantium made possible the establishment of a silk-industry. This altered the balance of commercial advantage as between the Empire and the countries on the route between China and Byzantium.

The Romans seem to have been rather slow in understanding what could and could not be done by the craft of grafting. Varro, always a shrewd author, only went so far as to believe that apple and pear were, as gardeners say, compatible. But Columella would have none of such limitations; he makes fig-trees bear olives. Pliny says he had seen a single tree bearing nuts, olives, grapes, pears, apples, figs, and pomegranates. This is, by the way, utter nonsense. Not that Pliny approved of it, he considered it an impious and graceless abuse of nature and he was not singular in this feeling; it is implicit in Leviticus (xix, 19), and it was to be found in the ancient near-eastern religions if only because trees and shrubs which were not definitely of a single species were unreliable in rites which called for a specific plant. The advancement of knowledge, however, always has entailed impiety. Was not Prometheus horribly punished? The gardeners of ancient Syria who improved our fruit trees no doubt did it in the teeth of sacerdotal opposition.

It is fairly easy to demonstrate that modern Europe did in fact learn grafting from the preceding classical civilisation. The word 'grafting' in this connection is not very helpful: it is the French *greffer* and apparently it can be traced to a Greek root, but I have not succeeded

in doing this. But there is an older English verb meaning the same thing—to *imp*. This is from the German *impfen* which is Latin *impotus*—the word occurs in the *Lex Salica*. *Impotus* is derived from the Greek *em-phytos*, to implant.

If art, of a rather rococo taste, for art's sake was the motive of the early gardeners in grafting trees, it must soon have appeared that another purpose was also served. It seems to be the case that when species are cross-bred those genes which govern fruit attributes have nothing to do with root attributes; or, rather, that you improve the fruit of the hybrid at the expense of the roots, or *vice versa*. At all events, it is usually expedient to graft an improved seedling variety on to a root more vigorous than it can provide for itself; or, on the contrary, to mature the plant more rapidly and bring it into fruitfulness early, by grafting it on to a 'dwarfing' root stock.

The Case of the Muscat Grapes

Hybridising and grafting are not the only methods of altering plants developed by gardeners: a most important one is the selection of good mutations, and in this connection there is the curious case of the muscat grapes. We owe this most delicious of fruits to the fact that Mohammed had a prejudice against wine—which he shared with a number of rabbinical writers of his own and earlier times. The Mohammedans conquered vast viticultural areas and grubbed up many of the vines, but not quite all, for they had nothing against fresh grapes and raisins. Mohammedan gardeners, instead of watching for and selecting mutations giving better wine grapes, selected such sports as gave better raisin grapes—fleshier and more highly flavoured. By continuous selection the desired attributes can be intensified. No doubt some centuries went to the production of the muscat grape at its best, but it is possible that the original mutant would have been overlooked by a wine-drinking people and we owe its preservation and improvement to Mohammed's distrust of wine. In modern times the mutant grape Giant Syrah has made considerable difference to the commerce of several regions, including, at one time, California. The Syrah vine is very co-operative: there are at least seven accounts of its 'sporting' a Giant mutant when transplanted to new soils and climates.

The classic case of a fruit plant being created by a community and, in return, transforming a whole major civilisation, is that of the Athenian-Olive symbiosis. Attica had a stony limestone soil; it could never have grown enough corn or fed enough beasts to support more than a sparse population of landowners and peasants. The olive tree was known as a wild tree in Greece in Homeric times but not as a crop plant. Hesiod had never heard of it, but Pisander's axe was made of olive, and so was the main support of Odesseus' bed. The oil was used by the gentry, but only as a cosmetic, and it was probably imported, scented, from the east. But in the time that intervened between the *Iliad* and, say, *Oedipus at Colonus*, in which olives are said to flourish in Attica more than in Asia or the great Dorian isle of Pelops, the fruitful tree had been brought from the east, improved, adapted to the soil of Attica and used to exploit that soil. Naturally, the Athenians could not live on olive oil; they had to export it, and buy corn with it; to do this they had to have a pottery industry for packing the oil; hence Athenian ceramics. They also needed ships, and, to protect their merchant marine, a navy. Hence Athenian sea-power, the defeat of Xerxes, and all that followed. A people of conservative land-owners and peasants had been transformed, by a fruit-tree, into a people of merchants, artisans, and seamen, radical, adventurous, inquisitive, in touch with foreign parts: the only kind of people capable of creating a great body of art and science. It is the olive tree to which we owe Sophocles, Aristophanes, Plato, and the rest.

From the New World

An esculent root, the potato, and a cereal, maize, coming from the new world, turned the economy of the old world upside down in a few centuries and had the most extraordinary social and political consequences: it is not my brief to discuss these, and the only fruit plant from the Americas which has had much impact on the old world is the tomato. It has already transformed south-European cuisine, and horticulture in great parts of northern Europe and America. Yet it has been at work for only one century and began under the serious handicap of being thought poisonous.

The word 'tomato' is Nahua—*tumati*. Nahua was one of the pre-conquest Mexican languages spoken in Aztec times. The Aztecs had

inherited the tomato as a garden plant from the Maya. Hernandez, in his *History*, published in 1561, says that the tomato was as important as maize in Aztec husbandry and Humboldt considered it to be a very ancient plant in cultivation. It is easy to demonstrate that he must have been right; for there is no wild plant at all resembling the tomato as we know it; there are garden escape wildings; and there is *Lycopersicon cerasiforma*, remote in form from the cultivated tomato even as it appears in the earliest European drawings of the cultivated species. This seems to mean that, like maize, which also has no wild variety, the tomato is an artifact. The making of a plant is a long job. Who could have made it? I think its creators were probably the brilliant gardeners who made maize, that is the Andean people of the Tiahuanaco cultures. They brought maize over the mountains from the east, having developed it out of a pod-corn. They had *Lycopersicon cerasiforma* on their Pacific littoral; and they were about the cleverest gardeners I have any knowledge of. It is true that there is no evidence of contact between the ancient South American civilisations and those of Central America, but since maize certainly worked its way north through Guatemala to Mexico the tomato could have done so, too.

By 1550 it had reached Italy, where Matthioli saw it, by way of Spain. Thence it penetrated to Provence. Tournefort, who classified it, called it *Lycopersicon*, the wolf-peach. It was Miller who added *esculentum*, and, indeed, tomatoes were soon being used in Provençal cooking, although midway through the seventeenth century Dalechamps was still writing of '*ces pommes refroidissent, toutefois moins que le mandragore, parquoy il est dangereux d'en user*'. By the mid-eighteenth century tomato was being listed in some north French seed catalogues, but only as an ornamental plant, and it was not taken seriously as food, either in Britain or the United States, until about 1830. Yet, by 1930, it was of major economic importance all over the world.

Maybe it would be too optimistic to hope that the tomato will present us with a new Plato or a new Sophocles. Yet—who knows?—by making the fortune of some African country, perhaps, it might even do just that.—*Third Programme*

Circumcision at the Temple

Why are the gentle priests belted with knives
Like soldiers at the porch? One stands alone
His stomach raw with flies. There are parched leaves
Putrid as fish, and doves were bled for rain.

The family comes, with violet girls and gold
Brothers to be received at the temple door.
Wind upon almonds. Will a child be sold
To let his blood sing at the sacred altar?

His father's honour wounds the tiny hand
Freezing the veins, as comfortless as soldiers.
Thunder. His mother does not understand,
Her smiles are petals snowed on his green fears.

He knots her in his feeble arms, to hide
The heart's exhausted hare from the firm huntsman.
From bronze temple to the bracken hillside,
From quince and apricot to a weed-poison

The dark priests hoax him, trampling in the garden.
They close his eyes with wool. She lowers her veil.
In mist the surpliced hierarchs lay this burden
Of a green cross within a crimson circle.

Rain. The body quivers like a lamb
Which butchers leave in shade tied to a stone.
The candled altar shines with a gold shame
While anthems drown the suffering of the son.

Clouds clear. The priests have shorn the lamb in love,
Trees mourn with scarlet leaf, and the green bird
Feathers a fabulous air, thrushing above
The stunted woods, where the child sleeps unstirred.

RICHARD MURPHY

Kipling the Conservative

By NOEL ANNAN

I SUPPOSE no writer of outstanding ability during the past twenty-five years has been treated rougher by intellectuals and literary critics than Rudyard Kipling. It is not merely that they are revolted by his morality and despise his imperialism or even that they regard him as a philistine or a boor. But they persist in believing that intellectually he was insignificant. For instance, when Mr. T. S. Eliot said that Kipling belonged to the tory tradition Mr. Lionel Trilling was on him like a knife. Kipling, said Trilling, had no place in a tradition honoured by Dr. Johnson, Burke, and Walter Scott—Kipling had none of the *mind* of the great Tories.

As an intellectual I find this odd. I think Kipling was an exceedingly clever man who was, if anything, too full of ideas. Moreover, he had an exceptionally clear apprehension of how the world worked. A few weeks ago I tried to describe this when I compared him to a sociologist*. I did not mean that he consciously thought about individuals and society as a sociologist does: he was an artist working through his sensibilities and uninterested in abstract analysis. I meant that his work as a whole gives the impression—at any rate to me—of a man who subconsciously apprehends human beings moving in a network of social relationships which compel them to conform to certain codes of behaviour. And I suggested that the reason why he pursues in his stories, often vindictively, those who break these codes was that he felt in his bones that society is a fragile vessel: if people do not obey the rules it will disintegrate. At any rate, he does not strike me as a man devoid of mind and I would like here to examine his mind—not the mind of the living man, but his mind as it appears through his stories—and let us see just how much he did contribute to conservative thought; for although the man himself was a die-hard in politics, the writer was far more subtle and interesting.

Man's Best Weapon

Knowledge, Kipling believed, was man's best weapon in meeting all that life threw at him—to be Stalky, and knowing, enabled you to fit into society and learn its ways. But how do we know things? Like most conservative theorists, Kipling instinctively acknowledged Kant's dichotomy between pure and practical reason. The argument is familiar. Scientific reasoning gives us knowledge about the laws of nature, but real knowledge about morals, people, religion—about the inner meaning of things—is of a different order. Experience, not abstract ratiocination, is the only guide, and a tradition of behaviour is more valuable than a set of moral rules and precepts. To Kipling, the folklore of Pook's Hill was a better guide to the feelings and needs of common people than treatises on their rights and sanctimonious schemes for their improvement. Science itself was not the enemy. As the bard of the engineer, Kipling would have nothing to do with the reactionary cant which maintains that science is an evil; for him it was a marvellous craft. But he is always pointing out that what has been discovered is as nothing to what will be discovered. In the story called *Wireless* the new invention of radio is dwarfed by the extraordinary transferences in the thought of the tubercular chemist's assistant who speaks Keats' poetry. Science should never challenge 'true' knowledge because it was true only for its own time—our own science would appear to future generations as astrology does to us. Again, in a story called *Unprofessional* Kipling pointed out that scientific discoveries do not solve problems—they create new ones: a woman is cured by a new treatment of a disease, and then tries to commit suicide. The real enemy is not science but the cock-sure attitude of those who believe that the scientific method solves all problems.

It follows, therefore, that Kipling always suspected actions initiated by rational conviction. A native's conversion to Christianity could never be more than skin-deep, a sophisticated Moslem's agnosticism would vanish at the sound of a religious riot, and an American's national idiosyncrasies would always reassert themselves in England. The wisdom of the colonial servants who knew all the gossip of their district was contrasted with the false knowledge of the radical politicians who, by their pious Act of Parliament which illegalised the medical inspection of licensed brothels, had increased the rate of venereal disease in the

Army. As a corollary Kipling suspected other liberal panaceas, such as democracy and popular education, because they enabled people to cut loose from the convention of their class. Whereas the liberal regards class distinctions as fetters forged by society which prevent equals from shaking hands, the conservative regards them as valuable hall-marks enabling men to recognise how they stand in relation to each other.

A Conception of Power

What is true of class is no less true, so he thought, for races. Kipling could write with sympathy in *Without Benefit of Clergy* of a liaison between an Englishman and an Indian woman: but the idyll ends with the death of wife and child and the demolition of the very house which they inhabited. Separate cultures cannot be bridged by love, for love itself is institutionalised by marriage. Similarly he did not believe that the English genius for government could be transmitted to Indians by bureaucratic fiat: only on the level of the Higher Law where strength recognised strength could east and west meet. Power for him meant power to do good, and he did not fear it as liberals do when they try to restrict it by governmental checks and balances, because he thought it would be limited by the natural conflict of social forces within the state.

Kipling enjoyed the spectacle of this natural conflict, and here again he offends liberal sensibilities. Liberals regard man's happiness as the supreme goal, and the object of government and of science should be to help him to achieve that goal. The conservative distrusts the word happiness. In his worst moments he is apt to argue that the abolition of slavery was merely a piece of legislation which in no way affected the lives of the slaves—but even when he admits that happiness is a reality he will frequently define it as a state of mind which recognises where the self fits into the scheme of things: a state of mind which recognises hard facts and knows that spring cannot forever be spring and that winter succeeds autumn. A series of Kipling's stories, from *The Walking Delegate* to *The Tie*, all emphasise the necessity of men and animals to know their place and to realise that happiness is a goal which has often to be sacrificed to other goals. 'The game is more than the player of the game and the ship is more than the crew', says Kipling in a rare mood of Hegelianism.

But whereas the older generation of nineteenth-century conservatives put their trust in a hierarchical society as the best means of controlling the natural conflict of interests within society, Kipling had little use for aristocracies. He thought of himself as belonging to the new classes arising in late-Victorian England, the classes of experts, governors, skilled workers and technicians, and his genius lay in describing the emotions of these men. He delighted in the spectacle of a dynamic society bursting at the seams, untidy, full of rascals, and shrewd men operating on a shoe-string ready to exploit any sucker. A world without hardness, a world in which men's rights were scrupulously weighed, was for him a devitalised world. Action was good in itself, and as long as the individual was not in the strict sense of the word eccentric, the more daring his behaviour the greater the addition of joy in the world. Stalky is the prototype of this socialised individualism. Joy in action and its re-vitalising influence outweighed the suffering it caused.

Devotion to Tradition

Kipling shared the conservative devotion to tradition and it was his sense of tradition that enabled him to pass from the statics of social relationships which are the concern of the sociologist to the dynamics of culture which are the concern of the historian. In *Puck of Pook's Hill*, the stories are deliberately arranged in unchronological order to illustrate the meaning of the history of England. The main theme is that the Sword, which Weyland Smith forged, led men to the Treasure, and the Treasure gave the Law. The two symbols of Power beget and are civilised by the Law. The Norman stories present the picture of an England smitten by rebellion and riven between Norman and Saxon. How had order and civilisation collapsed? The Roman stories provide

the answer. The Wall, the symbol of civilisation, was about to fall because Rome had lost its genius for government. The Norman, De Aquila, by his cunning and political wisdom, is trying to unite the country. He marries his young knights to the conquered and does not hang but uses the rebels Fulke and Gilbert. "I am too old to judge or to trust any man", he said . . . 'De Aquila was right. One should not judge men'.

This theme is repeated in *Hal o' the Draft*, where the shrewd J.P. lets the smugglers go free: he does not want civil war in Sussex and a lot of nonsense talked about traitors. The last story cuts back to Magna Carta, the formal pronouncement of the English Law. Here, with anti-Dreyfusard skill, Kipling introduces the theme of the Jew who alone understands money. Money is the dangerous solvent of society. When the Danes returned from Africa with the gold, all except the landless Thorkild of Borkum were infected by its presence. But the rootless Jew knows that gold is stronger than the sword and can make and break kings. 'That is *our* God in our captivity. Power to use!' And Kadmiel uses it to benefit his race by getting the barons to include even Jews within the pale of the Law.

Meanwhile the fairy theme illuminates the different orders of reality.

Four orders of men appear: those like the Picts, who are slaves by necessity, ground between the grindstones of Rome and the Winged Hats, and who are also slaves by nature, 'too little to love or to hate'; then there are the craftsmen of England, Hal the Painter and Hobson the Yeoman; the officers or administrators, Parnesius and Pertinax, who know their province and their people; and Maximus and De Aquila, the governors who play politics. The fairies, gods of a bygone age who have come down in the world and learnt humility through misfortune, were worshipped in the days when man was the child of nature. But when he discovered iron and believed himself to be her master they fell, and when the Reformation turned Englishmen's religion into hate, they flitted. Now they are gone, but Puck bestowed a gift upon the descendants of the widow who gave them her blessing and the means to flit: in each generation one of her family will be a simpleton blessed with the gift of insight into the ways of nature, and thus able to preserve the immemorial wisdom of the country and the rituals which descend from the runes on the Sword to the true religion of freemasonry.

The presence throughout of the children conveys the hope for the future. For beneath the trappings of Edwardian affluence Kipling scanned the future with anxious eyes. Would the Wall again fall before the democratic hordes of little men and the Prussian Winged Hats? Were not the younger rulers, F. E. Smith and the renegade Churchill, tainted by the ambition of Maximus? The financiers appeared to be manipulating trade and industry to their own ends, luxury and money to be corrupting the ruling class and turning their children into flannelled fools at the wicket. What, then, was the fate of England—an England rent by class warfare and in a few years' time to be meditating civil war in Ireland? Bernard Shaw and E. M. Forster were both to ask this question. *Heartbreak House*, *Howard's End*, and *Puck of Pook's Hill* are the attempts by a socialist, a liberal, and a conservative to discern England's destiny.

Kipling, then, so it seems to me, had a mind and one which is more subtle than the critics give him credit for. He responded to a crisis in the interpretation of human behaviour, and the crisis is still with us. Part of modern literature has been exploring the possibilities of language and discovering the value or worthlessness of linguistic conventions. In this search Kipling was not engaged. But he was engaged in another search into the dilemmas of social conventions. These conventions insist that a man is conditioned by his sub-conscious, his class, his education and his national heritage. In so doing they question the existence of his freedom, rationality, responsibility and dignity. Has this not troubled a line of writers from Shaw to Sartre? And has it not been straightened by Marxism? Yet the question remains:—if Kipling was so aware and so clever, why is he so violently rejected?

Why should liberals be so irritated and enraged by his particular version of conservatism?

I think there are two main reasons. The first is that he was didactic: he wanted to teach and preach instead of being content, as a great artist always is, simply to project his vision of life and let it convince by its own power. Many of Kipling's contemporaries were also didactic: there were Shaw and Wells, Belloc and Chesterton, and a little later another fine writer of short stories, Mr. Somerset Maugham, the *guru* of *café* society. But that does not lessen Kipling's failure to transform his ideas, his scheme of how society works, into situations which entirely convince us that whatever happens in his stories is inevitable and true. His situations are too often contrived—he contrives them to teach a moral: and we immediately become suspicious and reject the moral.

Perhaps I can give as an example of what I mean in the story which I mentioned in my last broadcast, *Mary Postgate*, where a lady's companion refuses to give a dying German airman water because he has bombed the village and killed a child. This could have been a masterpiece of irony and of pity. Pity for Mary's fierce unspoken love for the boy whose governess she was and who had been killed in the war: irony for the way in which her love had warped her conventional mind. She

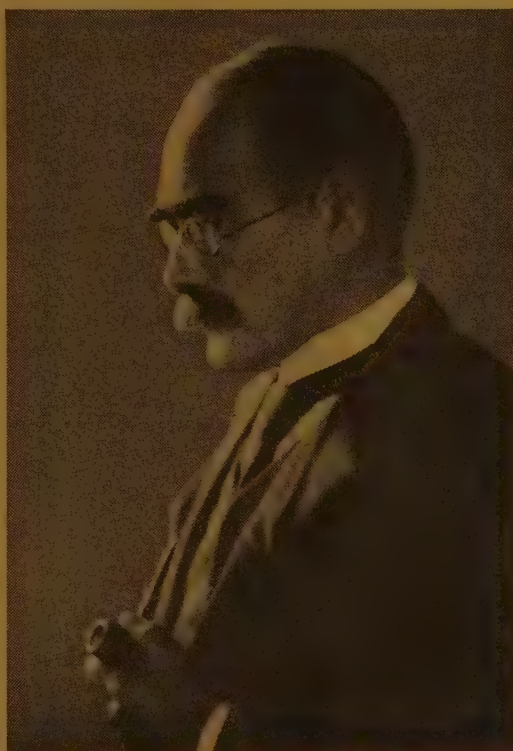
could have engaged our sympathy because we would have seen that this bitter act towards a dying enemy was the only way in which such a stunted nature faced with an incomprehensible war could have behaved. But Kipling wanted to preach his social theory: he wanted to argue that the governess was right to act as she did because Germans were beyond the pale of the Law and society must defend itself against barbarians—and how can we believe that Britain will disintegrate if one of its members gives water to a dying enemy? Against such an author as Dostoevsky liberals have no answer: they can only decline to play his game by refusing to read him because the vision of life is so powerful that it must—in a literary, I do not mean philosophical, sense—be accepted. But liberals have plenty of answers against Kipling because they suspect him of stacking the pack before he deals.

The second reason why he arouses such antagonism is that he seems unaware of the consequences of holding such a theory of human destiny as he held. A conservative should always be aware of the necessity of facing the consequences of his creed, for otherwise he degenerates into a complacent defender of anything that actually exists. He must persuade his reader to accept the existence of evil in the world and reconcile him to the impossibility of eliminating it. To do this he may

turn to the Christian doctrine of Original Sin as a concept which dramatises the hopeless chasm between man's endeavours and his achievements. Or he can draw, like Hobbes or Balzac, a picture of the conflict between naked human egoisms. Or, like Stendhal, he can revel in the corruption of political life and suggest ways in which he who chooses to live outside it can exploit the exploiters. Or, like Scott in the *Midlothian* novels, he can call on his sense of the past to show how all parties in a great political conflict are to be pitied when we see them historically. Kipling's stories are either destitute of such apprehensions or they reflect them inadequately in the form of fables. For all its qualities, *Puck of Pook's Hill* remains a fable and the ideas are not really transmuted into fiction.

But I must stop, for I am not trying here to assess Kipling's position in literature. I merely want to urge that behind his aggressive statements there frequently lie peculiar implications; behind the imperfectly realised situations there stands a powerful and far from despicable theory of society; and his mastery of the English vocabulary, his astonishing powers of description, his ability to make words his slaves to carry out his purpose, even if that purpose had limitations—all these are exceedingly sound shares in immortality.—*Third Programme*

An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews by Henry Fielding has been published by the University of California Press at 21s. and may be obtained from the Cambridge University Press.



Rudyard Kipling: 1865-1936

The Argument between England and Scotland

(continued from page 429)

total revenue than did the corresponding figure in England: it took up fifty-one per cent. in Scotland as against thirty-eight and a half per cent. in England. That is to say, Scotland got more of her own money back for local purposes, proportionately, than did England.

As for general expenditure at home and abroad, *e.g.*, debt, defence, Commonwealth and colonial expenditure, they found it almost impossible to disentangle Scotland's economic statistics from those of the United Kingdom. They quote with approval the findings of the Cairncross Report, just mentioned, as to the paramount importance of the enterprise and initiative of private industrialists. But they also point out that much of the dissatisfaction that exists in Scotland today arises from the increased intervention by government in everyday life—specifically mentioning such things as the rationing of capital investment and the need to 'channel' production. In fact, the saving clause as to the varying limits set by government policies is a feature of both reports.

The Imponderables

The subject has really to be considered on a much wider basis. There are also many imponderables to be considered, not least the capital investment in emigration to which I have referred. The emigration factor is not unknown, in either economic or political balance sheets—the economic factor, in the Italian economy, of remittances from emigrants abroad used to be well recognised; or, again, the political strength of Israel is in no way confined to the actual population inhabiting Palestine. Coming nearer home, the immense weight of Irish influence overseas, resulting from emigration, is all too familiar. In this movement the investment of Scotland in emigration has been out of all proportion greater than that of England. The 500,000 persons, born in Scotland, now settled overseas—and very largely in the key continent of North America—would represent a figure of some 10,000,000 from England; and as we all know, the figure is not anything like that.

This investment is already beginning to show certain returns. North American firms looking for opportunities in the United Kingdom often start with a natural bias towards opportunities in Scotland. Canada, at present, is absorbing rather than exporting capital. But the tremendous developments now in progress there mean that a new Great Power is being born in the world. It will yet be found that the massive Scots element in the make-up of that country will compare with the massive Irish element in the United States. The political results thence arising will be of great interest. As a wise man said, not so long ago, the state has many ledgers.

There is another imponderable, of which less still is heard, and which it is difficult to discuss—partly because it is so easy to misrepresent. It is resilience, the power to come again; and that is bound up with the memory of great defeats as well as of great victories. 'More was lost at Mohacs field', says the Serbian proverb, harking back to the annihilation of their country's armies at the Battle of Cossovo; and the recollection of the bitter times which followed has braced their people time and again in moments of crisis. The success of England has been so consistent, so continuous, century after century, that, when the scales seem weighted against us as they are now, inevitably a certain apprehension is bound to make itself felt. Can we turn the trick again; and yet again, following so long a run of luck? And if not, what then? But a hostile world, a memory of defeats as well as of victories, of frustration in great national efforts, as well as of successes, is no new phenomenon for the Scots. Their greatest ballad tells of how a dead man won a fight; and of how, indeed, in the prophecy of his death he found the assurance of the victory. This is a very tough century in which we find ourselves; and the story will not be one of unmitigated success. At such times the memory of past failures, courageously borne, nobly retrieved, will also have their inspiration. That memory, and the inspiration born from it, is much more green in the northern kingdom than in the south.

'Bah', you say, 'too metaphysical, too fine-drawn altogether. What has all this to do with exports and imports?' Very well. Let us then return to the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, where Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother lately opened the Industrial Exhibition. There, a vigorous effort is recorded, fit to take its place with the enormous effort of the

United Kingdom as a whole. In the five years which have elapsed since the last exhibition of this kind, 500 new factories have been established, 100,000 new jobs have been created in Scotland. Of all the American corporations which have opened factories in Britain, seventy per cent. have set up in Scotland—a development in which the imponderables before mentioned have certainly played a part. The predominant share that heavy engineering—heavy precision engineering—has taken in Scottish industry is not so much a handicap as it has been, in a world screaming nowadays for heavy-engineering products. In short, here is no picture either of subsidy or exploitation but of vigorous partners fit to stand in the line with each other.

There are still elements of quarrel, elements of danger. The newer engineering industries are poorly represented in Scotland, and industrial productivity appears to be somewhat lower in Scotland than in the rest of the country. This is, to some extent, a hang-over from the long and fierce industrial struggles during the Industrial Revolution; partly direct and partly indirect, such as the reluctance to hazard capital development in the midst of an industrial battlefield. But, although it has passed, all this has left Scotland very jealous of any threat to her newer industries. Of this the extreme and immediate sensitiveness about the proposed close-down of the Renfrew air-base is an example—even though the workers employed in the production of aero-engines and other components in Scotland have risen from 6,000 in 1950 to 16,000 in 1953. But the engineer knows well the difference between a ship and her components. It is exactly this desire to see the end-product, the complete entity, coming to full life under his hand, that is the difference between the conveyor belt watcher and the master craftsman. It is exactly this problem which the makers of the new European community will have to resolve.

Lastly, and beyond all this, the survival of the United Kingdom in the new centuries is a problem of brains, and how we treat them. On this, or the question of education, neither the Royal Commission nor the Cairncross Report is as good as one might have hoped. Modern education is not doing its work. The consumer is the final judge; and the consumers, the scholars, do their best to escape from the process at the earliest possible moment. In Scotland some four-fifths of the entire school population leaves at the very earliest moment that the law permits, and this is much the highest figure in the whole United Kingdom; and the highest proportion of early leavers comes from the cities, the most prosperous areas. The areas where children 'remain on' are, however, precisely those in which depopulation is most rapidly proceeding. Young people do not get educated to remain in areas of plain living and high thinking. They get educated in order to leave them. And to where? To the cities where, having caught the bus, they run after it no longer.

Science Graduates in the U.S.S.R.

I am not afraid of the Soviet army, or even of the £12,000,000,000 new Red Fleet. But when I hear of the Soviet Union's 250,000 new graduates in the year just ended I have a certain disquiet. The Professor of Thermodynamics in the University of Oxford has sounded a note of warning to which we should all attend. The output of science graduates, he says, in the Soviet Union is double that of the United States.

I have said before, and I say it again, that the four Chancellors of the Scottish Universities, with the four Vice-Chancellors, should meet this autumn to discuss this problem. They are a group unrivalled in the Commonwealth as a cross-section of the community—unrivalled in the world. The Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Boyd-Orr, Tom Johnston the Labour ex-Secretary of State, and the Duke of Hamilton who flew over Everest are the Chancellors: the Vice-Chancellors are men of the greatest academic standing, scientists, scholars, administrators. With them, as well as with the industrialists, lies the future. And in this race, to be surpassed is merely an added benefit, an incentive to a renewed glory.

The end of it all is that the two countries could certainly be separated. And subsidy or exploitation, whatever you call it, could be brought to an end. But—united they stand, divided they fall. And they will need to work pretty hard to stand.—*Third Programme*

The Psychology of Toleration

By J. C. FLUGEL

WHEN people think about tolerance or toleration, it is most often with religious, racial, political, or moral questions in mind. I would like to invite you to consider this subject from a slightly different angle—that of psychology. What is tolerance considered as a state of mind? I think it would be generally accepted that in the first place tolerance lies somewhere between love and approval on the one hand, hate and disapproval on the other. We do not have to tolerate a person we love, or a cause to which we are devoted; but we may have to exercise tolerance towards the presence or behaviour of a person who irritates us, or in listening to the advocacy of a cause which we think wrong. Tolerance is indeed in some ways nearer to hate than to love. But it implies that the natural and immediate reaction to hate is held in check. What is our immediate reaction to a person we dislike? It is to say: 'Clear out!', while to someone advocating a cause we disapprove we should say 'Shut up!'

Hearing the Other Side

But in the attitude of tolerance such reactions are, as the psychologist would say, inhibited. This means, in effect, that we are willing to suspend judgement for a while and, in the words of St. Augustine, 'hear the other side'. And if we are willing to listen to what the other fellow has to say, this implies that, after all, there may be something in it; what he says may not be mere wickedness or nonsense, and we ourselves may not have a monopoly of what is right and true.

This attitude is a very important one in science. No scientist pretends that he possesses 'the whole truth and nothing but the truth'; there is always something to be added to his knowledge or modified in his beliefs. The bigot, on the other hand, feels that he alone is right and that anyone who ventures to differ from him is wallowing in heresy and error—error so pernicious that it obviously needs to be suppressed. Bigotry thus inevitably leads to intolerance, while open-mindedness is intimately associated with toleration—and with liberty. As an American judge once put it, 'The spirit of liberty is the spirit that is not too sure that it is right'. Intolerance, on the other hand, is closely connected with prejudice, prejudice being a judgement formed without due knowledge and consideration of the facts.

I have mentioned prejudice because it is a subject which has much engaged the attention of psychologists in recent years (especially in America) and they have carried out a number of investigations, the results of which cast a good deal of light upon the nature and mental make-up of those who display tolerance or intolerance. A consideration of some of these studies will take us a little beyond the superficial and more or less common-sense approach with which I have been dealing so far.

Most of these investigations had their origin in the study of what psychologists have come to call 'attitudes', especially the attitudes of the members of one race or nation towards those of another. For instance the subjects of an experiment were presented with a list of attributes, such as 'industrious', 'artistic', 'religious', 'lazy', 'cruel', etc., and were asked to say which of these attributes were applicable to a list of certain races or nations. In other cases, the races or nations had to be put in order of personal preference, or the subjects had to say how far they would allow members of these races to various degrees of social intimacy, to visit their own country, to reside in it, to become members of their own professions, to join their own clubs or to intermarry with their own near relatives. These studies revealed the existence of so-called 'stereotypes', more or less rigid, exaggerated, and emotionally toned beliefs, for the most part based on very insufficient knowledge—sometimes indeed on no knowledge at all; in fact, in one investigation catch questions were included on non-existent races, such as 'Daneitians', 'Pyrenians' and 'Wallonians', and many subjects gaily attributed good or bad qualities to these, based on nothing better than dim and confused associations. These 'stereotypes', in fact, were for the most part just striking examples of racial and national prejudice.

In some more recent investigations psychologists have picked out those who display unusually great or unusually little prejudice of this sort, and have studied more intensively the mental background of the two sorts of people. Starting with childhood, it was found that the prejudiced and intolerant had grown up in a home atmosphere of greater harshness, discipline, and fear—one in which authority played a more important role than love. On the other hand, those who in later life showed less prejudice and greater tolerance felt that fundamentally they were accepted, and that if they were punished it was some particular act rather than they themselves as persons that had met with disapproval. They thus had less deep irrational anxiety and a greater sense of security—and this security indeed seems to emerge as the first basic factor in the tolerant attitude, whether in the individual or in social groups.

The tolerant and the intolerant individuals showed a further interesting difference, one which reveals itself in a contrast between two levels of the mind. At a more superficial level the tolerant people were ready to criticise their parents; though at a deeper level they still loved and respected them, in spite of the fact that they could recognise their failings. The intolerant on the other hand would stoutly maintain that they liked their parents, and were loath to say anything against them, though deeper psychological probing showed the presence of jealousy, suspicion, and hostility at more unconscious levels. All children both love and hate their parents; they all display what psychologists call 'ambivalence' towards them. But in the tolerant the conflict was more at the surface, whereas in the intolerant the hostility had been repressed.

It is interesting to note that much the same kind of difference was brought out in other experiments in which groups of young people were deliberately conducted on authoritarian or democratic lines, respectively. The members of the democratic groups, who participated in the government, could more openly criticise their leaders (though without necessarily disrespecting them), but the members of the authoritarian groups, who had simply to obey their leaders' orders, had more suppressed aggression—aggression which tended, moreover, to find an outlet in hostility towards others, especially towards other groups. It is as though aggression will out, must find expression somewhere; and it may find what seems to be a relatively harmless outlet at a superficial level within our own group, or it may find a more harmful and dangerous one towards innocent victims, strangers or external groups.

If we allow ourselves to generalise from these experiments, we can say that democratic government, whether in the home or in the larger group, is associated with tolerance, whereas authoritarianism breeds suppressed aggression and intolerance. The political implications of this are obvious enough, though we must be careful in applying conclusions drawn from small and relatively simple groups to the much more complicated conditions operative in great nations.

Importance of Inner Security

As far as our present knowledge goes, then, the basic conditions of toleration are to be found in these two interconnected factors: a certain fundamental inner security on the one hand, and on the other an ability to express some degree of criticism and aggression at a relatively superficial level—often towards people whom at bottom we still love and respect. But several other aspects of this fundamental condition have been made out—aspects which are all, to some extent, interrelated with one another and with what I have called the two basic factors.

In the first place, we may notice among the intolerant a greater tendency towards what the psychoanalysts call 'splitting', or what one eminent American psychologist prefers to call by the more erudite name of 'dichotomisation'. This means that the good and bad aspects of the parent or other authoritarian figure are, as it were, separated and attributed to different persons. This has long been recognised as one of the means which the mind employs for getting rid of the uncomfort-

(continued on page 445)

NEWS DIARY

September 8-14

Wednesday, September 8

Delegates of eight countries at Manila Conference sign treaty for collective security of south-east Asia

Cabinet meets to discuss European defence situation

T.U.C. approves by small majority resolution reaffirming support for German rearmament

Thursday, September 9

Over 1,000 persons are reported killed in earthquake in Algeria

Mr. Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, sees General Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa

Sea and air search for Edward May, who attempted to swim the Channel unescorted, is called off

Friday, September 10

T.U.C. passes resolution in favour of more public ownership of industries

Mr. Eden sees Prime Minister before leaving for six-day tour of European capitals to discuss western defence

Security Council discusses U.S. complaint against Russia over shooting down of American naval aircraft into Sea of Japan

Saturday, September 11

Mr. Eden begins tour of Europe with a visit to Brussels

New tremors shake Orléansville in Algeria where rescue workers search for victims of earthquake

Military Governor of Teheran announces arrests of suspected communists in Persian army and police

Sunday, September 12

Mr. Eden sees Dr. Adenauer, German Chancellor, in Bonn

President Eisenhower discusses Far Eastern situation with National Security Council

Chinese Nationalist commander states that garrison at Quemoy has been reinforced

Another hurricane strikes New England

Monday, September 13

Mr. Eden and Dr. Adenauer state that they found themselves in complete agreement after discussing situation in Europe

National Union of Railwaymen agrees to new talks with Transport Commission on revision of wages structure

Christian Democrats suffer set-back in Landtag elections in Schleswig-Holstein

Tuesday, September 14

Mr. Eden meets Prime Minister and other members of Italian Government in Rome

Sheffield-Manchester electrified railway is opened



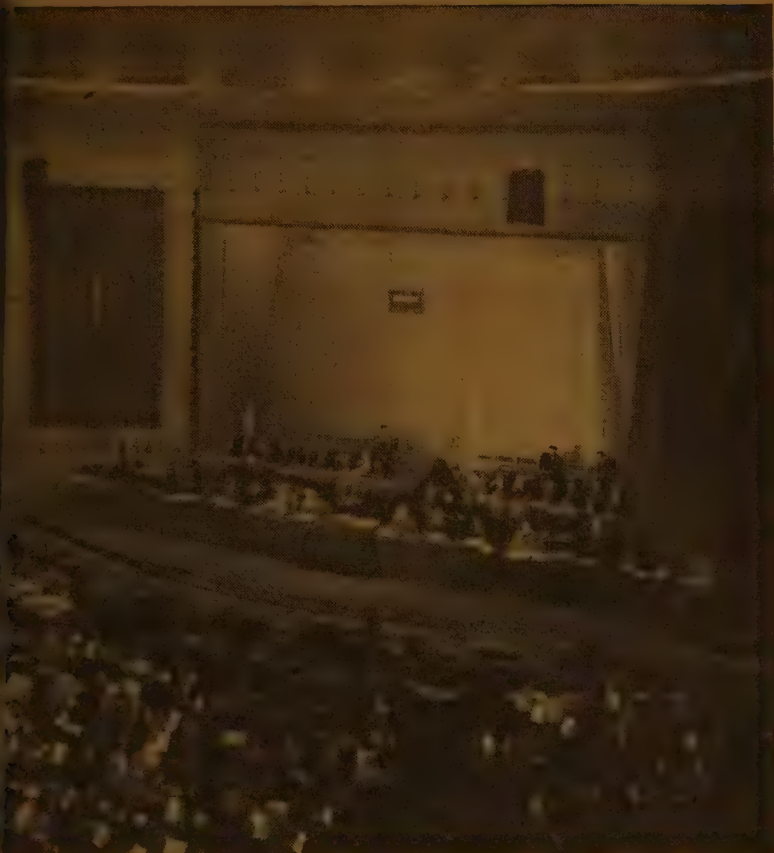
The scene in Orléansville, the northern Algerian town, after it had been devastated by an earthquake which shook the area on September 9. Whilst the search for victims was in progress bulldozers started to clear the debris and rubble



A general view of the Braemar Gathering which A crowd of 20,000 people including many visitors H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh over with a Royal party from Balmoral. Massed of Scotland greeted their an

Hundreds of thousands of people visited the annual of British Aircraft Constructors at Farnborough weekend; part of the crowd is seen on the left in British jet-propelled civil aircraft such as the Bristol Britannia. All the aircraft in urgent production Fleet Air Arm took part in the flying display being watched by the crowd in the photograph

A photograph of the eighty-sixth annual which met under the Tanner in the Don Mr. Charles J. Ge the Union of Post president fo



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e Union Congress
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righton last week.
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oming year



Mr. Eden, photographed with Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, whom he met in Bonn on September 12 in the course of his six-day tour of Europe, which he undertook in order to discuss with leading foreign statesmen the future of western defence after the French refusal to ratify the European Defence Community treaty



A bowl of decorative roses for which Mr. A. W. Green of Beaconsfield was awarded a prize for amateurs at the National Rose Society show held in London last week



Never Say Die ridden by C. Smirke winning the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster last Saturday. Never Say Die also won the Derby this year



A scene from Act I of 'Le Nozze di Figaro', which was performed by the Vienna State Opera Company when it opened at the Royal Festival Hall, London, on Monday. Figaro (Erich Kunz) is standing in the centre



The start of the endurance test on the last day of the Anglo-American Vintage Car Rally. The veteran cars had completed an 800-mile run from Edinburgh to Goodwood where the test was held



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(continued from page 441)

able tension caused by the ambivalent attitude, the coexistence of love and hate towards the same person. In some degree it is a common human tendency, as exemplified in the contrast between *le bon Dieu* and the Devil, or, as in certain fairy stories, between the wicked step-mother and the fairy godmother. When generalised, this splitting process tends to make one see everything in terms of white or black. It has been found, for instance, that the intolerant type of person is likely to disagree with such propositions as are contained in the doggerel rhyme:

There is so much good in the worst of us,
So much bad in the best of us,
That it scarcely behoves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

The tendency to split the good and bad in this way, helpful as it may be as a refuge from intolerable tensions, inevitably does violence to psychological fact; the rhyme I have just quoted comes much nearer to the facts of human life than does the whitewashing and denigrating of the 'splitter'. It is therefore not surprising that the tolerant are better psychologists than the intolerant. This applies both to self-knowledge and to the understanding of others. Several researches show that the tolerant have a greater knowledge of their own deficiencies and limitations, can tolerate their own shortcomings as well as those of other people; while at the same time they can sum up another's character in a short interview more accurately than the intolerant can do.

They may, however, sometimes show less tolerance to themselves than they do to others; in fact the danger which threatens those who are externally tolerant is that they may judge themselves too harshly and fall victims to feelings of guilt and inferiority; whereas the corresponding danger of the externally intolerant is that they do not consciously admit their own faults, but only too often attribute them to others. This process of projection, as it is called, the inclination to blame others for what are at bottom our own deficiencies or faults, is responsible for the tendency to find scapegoats—a sinister tendency—which has played a long and terrible role in human history.

Another characteristic of the intolerant is that they tend to lean more heavily on authority. This is true both of the more intangible values of opinion and convention, and of actual institutions in which authority is embodied, such as the state with its legal sanctions. The tolerant, though they may by no means be less moral, are more flexible in their morality; they are more ready to exercise their own judgement as to what is right or wrong in any particular instance, whereas the intolerant are apt to lay more stress on the letter of the law. The tolerant are more

capable of laughing at themselves and at the things and persons they love; and it appears that they can do this because of their greater sense of inner security, which is not seriously threatened even if they do admit that they themselves, their parents, their country, and their customs may in certain ways be a little ridiculous. They do not need the law of *lèse majesté* or the inner attitude which corresponds to it.

This sense of security can, of course, apply to nations and institutions as well as individuals; and in the light of this we can appreciate an incident which was credibly reported to me in my youth. A foreigner, an ardent admirer of Britain, who had recently come to this country, was horrified to hear a tub orator at a street corner shouting 'Down with the Queen, down with the Royal Family!' He hurried off to fetch a policeman, who, when he saw the speaker, said 'Why, bless your soul! Old Bill Bloggs has talked here of a Saturday night last twenty years or more!' Bill Bloggs had, in fact, become an institution, and Queen Victoria at the zenith of British power was felt by all to be so securely seated on her throne that Bloggs could be safely left to express his anti-royalist sentiments to all who cared to listen to him.

I have tried to put before you a few of the findings of recent psychological research regarding this question of tolerance. If they seem to you almost suspiciously favourable to what we might call the democratic way of life, I would ask you to bear in mind three things. A good many of the experiments I have described are based on the selection of the top and bottom twenty-five per cent. as regards tolerance, and they give too clear-cut a picture when we try to apply it to any random sample of the population as a whole; at least fifty per cent. of us fall in between the extremes—we are, as it were, lukewarm both in our tolerance and in our intolerance. Secondly, I have said nothing, or next to nothing, about the possible dangers of toleration, which in the past history of humanity have sometimes placed the tolerant at the mercy of their more bigoted and fanatical neighbours. In the third place, psychology is a relatively new science, and too much faith must not be placed on the results from methods which are still often crude as compared with those at the disposal of the physical sciences.

Nevertheless, the mere adoption of the psychological point of view to social problems, apart from the results obtained, can, I believe, be of great significance in dealing with the anxiety, suspicion, and aggression which create so much havoc in our human relations. When those who hold strong views start to think in psychological terms, they begin to acquire both some interest in, and some respect for, what goes on in their own minds and in those of other people, and this itself is a first step in diminishing intolerance.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Germans and Their History

Sir,—It is doubly depressing for me to read and have to confirm Terence Prittie's account of the Germans' attitude to their recent past (THE LISTENER, September 9). I too have met groups of ex-nazis and even collaborators, who have found refuge in Germany, maintaining that the S.S. was waging a crusade against Bolshevism for the sake of Europe and that the horrors of the concentration camps were perpetrated by the communist group leaders in the prisons. These people are of course delighted at our difficulties with Russia and our antics in trying to get the Germans to rearm. It is also true that recent German history books attempt to gloss over and even whitewash nazi crimes. I cannot say that I have met any trace of anti-Semitism, but on the other hand I have heard little regret for the appalling crimes committed on the Jews in the name of Germany.

I cannot agree, however, with the project of nagging the whole German nation for an indefinite period for these terrible acts. First, the really guilty people still alive will not be converted, but will react violently in the way Mr. Prittie has detailed. Secondly, the Germans,

whose consciences are very disturbed on these matters—and I have met a good many—need no constant reminder from outside. This latter group are beginning to feel that Germany is being branded as a criminal nation, whilst Japan has been rather gently treated since the end of the Far East war-crimes trials. They are under the impression that politics are being mixed with moral indignation, because we do not publicise what we know is going on in Russia now. Thirdly, the young people of Germany will grow up under a stigma for which they do not feel directly responsible.

Dr. Adenauer's Government is doing its best to put Germany in a dignified and worthy position again and I know of at least one case where memoirs containing anti-Jewish matter have been forbidden to be published on instructions from Bonn. The Federal Government is already shaky, thanks to the defection of Dr. John. I am not convinced that digging up the recent past will serve any other purpose than to galvanise the irreconcilable nationalists into open political action, probably taking with them Germans who were just beginning to see something in western democracy.

As to those who feel deeply Germany's guilt: put yourself in their position. Imagine the victors trying all members of the Imperial General Staff for what happened at Hiroshima and the destruction of cities, when the outcome of the war was only a matter of weeks. Many people feel uncomfortable about these things today. Many merely say 'They had got it coming to them', or, 'Who started the war, anyway?' Constant reminders from outside would unite both types into a fierce nationalism. This very thing happened to Germany after the first world war about which Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, in THE LISTENER of August 12, has his doubts. This resentment against what they felt to be an unwarranted stigma was one of the ingredients of nazism between the wars. Surely it is more profitable to keep the minds of Germany's youth healthy than to try to convince the hard core of nazis still remaining. There is evidence that the young people in Germany are trying to get free from the fetters of the past. More foreign books and more foreign plays are read and acted than German ones. One of these young men who was delighted with our rather thoughtful and tolerant way of doing things asked me,

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somewhat wistfully, if all the villains on television in England had to have a German accent.

As to the study of history; we should meet the Germans halfway. In our schools German history, if taught at all, begins about 1850 and an indelible impression of Germany as an incurably militaristic nation is given. This is occasionally reinforced by a summary of the career of Frederick the Great and all the blame is thrown on Prussia. It is conveniently forgotten that Frederick was our gallant ally in the Seven Years War and that the Prussians fought on our side at Waterloo. Prussia was not responsible for Hitler and nazism. Anti-Semitism of the Hitler period seems to have derived from Vienna and the nazis found early support in Bavaria. History since 1815 is difficult to separate from current affairs, but looking at all past history from a basis of present-day hatreds leads only to Vansittartism. I think more attention should be paid to the common heritage of Europe in the Middle Ages, so ably portrayed by Dr. Ernst Curtius and Professor Barraclough. The approach to Europe as a whole is the only hope of salvation and it is surely more healthy to regard all these horrors as European, rather than heap them all on a new generation of Germans, who were infants when the concentration camps were overrun. The time for re-creation is past. We must try to solve our urgent problems together.

Yours, etc.,

Tunbridge Wells G. T. GILLESPIE

Sir,—Mr. Terence Prittie in his Third Programme talk (THE LISTENER, September 9), has rightly deplored a tendency among some Germans to miswrite their recent history. His argument would have carried more weight if he had not used the 'German' approach to history himself. This talk was a fine example of how 'to sort out convenient facts in order to prove a . . . historical theory'. Some Germans are trying to wash themselves white; Mr. Prittie will have them black. The true character and behaviour of nations is, however, grey with black and white patches.

Yours, etc.,

Keele K. G. KNIGHT

Tragedy and Religion

Sir,—I should like to thank your correspondents, and especially Dr. Moore, for their comments on my talk published in THE LISTENER of September 2. One who did not accept Isaiah's explanation of innocent suffering or the Christian interpretation of the Crucifixion would certainly find injustice and a waste of goodness in such happenings. Isaiah's doctrine is that the servant of God voluntarily chooses to accept his suffering as a necessary means to the production of good (the improvement of others) outweighing the evil of his suffering; and, if I have not misunderstood the Christian position, this is also an essential part of Christian doctrine on the Crucifixion. The voluntary choice removes the impression of divine injustice, and the view that the suffering is a necessary means to greater good removes the impression of wasted goodness.

My slight acquaintance with French literature is as nothing against Dr. Moore's expert knowledge. But I wonder if Corneille intended us to regard Polyeucte as blind to social obligations. Is not the Cornelian conflict between duty and inclination rather than between one kind of duty and another? I now think I went wrong in saying that pity for Athalie is improper from the Jewish or Christian standpoint, but not in saying that admiration for her defiance is. (I should perhaps add, in reply to Dr. Moore's query, that I do not accept the Aristotelian inclusion of fear in the aesthetic emotion aroused by tragic drama.) If I am mistaken about

Jansenism in 'Phèdre', I am glad to be corrected. Yet an absolute inability to avoid sin seems to me incompatible with the Biblical doctrine of free will, though quite in accord with Jansenist predestination. As for grace, Dr. Moore is right to remind me of Phèdre's remorse and confession, but there still remains Racine's description of her *crime* as a divine 'punishment' rather than a willed action. Is not this Jansenism? Dr. Moore asks us to remember the tragedy of Thésée in the play, but let us remember also what that involves for Hippolyte and what was Hippolyte's 'guilt'.

Of Dr. Schonfeld and Mr. Coppedge I would ask whether the deaths of Cordelia, Desdemona, and Sophocles' Antigone can be regarded as a just consequence of their own sins. Mr. Coppedge should consider how his description of the expanding effects of sin can be fitted to the orthodox view of divine justice. Dr. Schonfeld adds 'visible foolishness' to wrongdoing as a justifying ground of tragic calamity. No doubt Cordelia, Desdemona, and Antigone were all imprudent, but on morally commendable grounds. When imprudence of that kind leads to misery and death, we do not 'sense a hidden justice'.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.3 D. DAICHES RAPHAEL

An Art Critic's Apology

Sir,—Mr. Quentin Bell (THE LISTENER, September 9), gracefully acknowledges preciosity and goes on to explain the difficulty of finding simple words to describe the indescribable, and so neatly evades the issue, that *values* and not words are the source of contention.

Surely, the main point about phrases such as 'dynamic balance', 'inorganic sensibility', 'a-mimetic significance', and so forth, is that they can be as readily applied to a child's doodle as to some beautifully framed abstract painting in a Bond Street gallery. Surely a critic's duty goes deeper than finding words to do justice to abstract paintings. Must he not also recognise that among the vast numbers of such works a great deal are pretentious rubbish, not worth describing at all, and that it is his job to help a bewildered public to distinguish between the genuine and creative experiment and the worthless imitation—however difficult that may be?

Suppose, for the sake of the argument, some established artist, for his own amusement, or for other more obscure reason, starts exhibiting quite meaningless daubs of paint as serious works of art. Should the critic allow the famous name to confuse his own instinctive sense of values and conjure out of his imagination more and more obscure phrases to match the empty pretentiousness of the exhibit, or should he call on his integrity and admit that, by abiding standards of judgement, it is rubbish?

That is really the simple issue behind all the juggling with words.

Yours, etc.,

Brighton MURRAY PARKS

Sir,—Mr. Quentin Bell, in a praiseworthy effort to do justice to his calling (THE LISTENER, September 9), takes half an hour to frame one sentence about Kurt Séligmann's 'Composition'. 'This is not art, but doodling', which is the only comment it merits, takes much longer to write than to frame!

Of course, form, colour, and design are supremely important; but they are the raw material, the body, into which the real artist infuses life, and to which he gives meaning. The abstract painter has left the art critic without a job, but naturally the latter is reluctant to confess it. Paul summed it up long ago—'The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life'.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.11 F. CARPENTER

A Micawber's World

Sir,—Mr. J. A. Bastin, in his reply to Dr. Darling on 'A Micawber's World', displays the materialistic inebriation which is all too common in this century of technological progress. As Mr. Bastin apparently reduces every argument, and even the process of living, to pure logic—forgetting that man cannot live by logic alone—he should see that one or two of his own statements are quite illogical.

Let us take his assertion that he sees no reason why human ingenuity should fail to meet new demands—even to the extent of giving us synthetic food. The proposition here is that any demand, however great, will always be satisfied by ingenuity. *Ad infinitum*, I presume! One can almost see the population standing shoulder to shoulder, with no room to move and with mouths open to receive their ration of synthetic nourishment from a conveyor belt. I see no logical reason why this would not be the outcome.

Another piece of logic that seems to have become misplaced is the comparison of the cornfield and the power station. The cornfield may be man-made but the corn is not. By the same standard of Mr. Bastin's logic there is no difference between a shady Devon lane (man-made) and a sprawling arterial road seething with bloated tin boxes, shaded by monolithic concrete erections, and being retched over by serpentine concrete lamp standards.

It is not necessary to go back to 10000 B.C. to reach a sane ideal for living—in fact, it would not be found there—but there is no need to go to the other stupid extreme and so force all naturalism out of life that we become a horde of robots at the altar of scientific progress.

Far from being criticised, Dr. Darling should be commended for having the perspicacity to see where this blind materialism is leading us.

Man's much-vaunted ingenuity may perhaps solve the problem in a way we do not like to think about—in fact, it may solve all problems.

Yours, etc.,

Hounslow K. W. H. SHIPP

The Loseley Story

Sir,—Mr. Leslie Hotson objects to my statement that the Loseley Papers contain a *minute* description of the Blackfriars theatre (THE LISTENER, August 26). Mr. Hotson must allow that a description may be minute without being exhaustive. It is not possible in a five-minute talk to hunt down every hare: my subject was the Loseley story and not the Elizabethan stage.

As Mr. Hotson quotes Sir E. K. Chambers' *History of the Elizabethan Stage*, he may have seen his statement that any authorities in the past who had not seen the Loseley documents had distorted the plan of the domestic buildings and the theatre. It is significant that shortly after the Loseley Papers came to light the well-known authority Professor Feuillerat was able to reconstruct from them 'with some minuteness', as Chambers says, the arrangement of the Blackfriars and its buildings at the time of its surrender to Burbage.

The papers themselves can be studied today only at the Shakespeare Museum in the Folger Library, Washington.

Yours, etc.,

Elton PATRICIA WINGFIELD

The Geographical Magazine for September 1954, price 2s. 6d., contains an article on 'Western Germany: the Human Scene' by Nicolas Powell and 'A Visit to Trucial Oman' by Sir Harry Luke. Ian Brinkworth's article 'Benin: "City of Blood"—and Bronze' is illustrated by a fine photogravure supplement.

Art

Sunday Painters

By ERIC NEWTON

TODAY'S vogue for what the English call 'Sunday Painters' and the French '*Maîtres populaires*', is a comparatively recent growth. The Douanier Rousseau began to paint in the early 'nineties: the famous Rousseau 'banquet' in Picasso's studio

took place in 1908: the first book about his life and work was published in 1911, the year after his death. Rousseau was the first painter of his kind to establish a reputation in Europe though we have now discovered some charmingly incompetent portraitists and some romantically innocent genre painters of the early nineteenth century, mostly of American origin. Since Rousseau, the practice and the appreciation of Sunday painting have increased considerably and it is not surprising that the Institute of Contemporary Arts, with its acute sense of what is meant by 'contemporary', has staged an exhibition of Sunday painting, organised by Robert Melville and accompanied by a catalogue that combines tasteful layout and printing with a minimum of information and comment.

Despite the present popularity of Sunday painting, I doubt whether its genesis and its nature have ever been seriously examined. Mr. Melville preserves a discreet silence concerning both. He limits himself to a quotation from Malraux' *The Voices of Silence*: 'Rousseau was not indispensable for our re-discovery of naive painting: the primitives would have sufficed. Nevertheless he sponsored it, as the great masters of the past have sponsored their disciples'. This is surely nonsense. If there is one factor that binds together the Sunday painters it is that they are no one's disciples, least of all, each other's. What differentiates them from the primitives of the past, who were products of the *bottega* system, and from the professionals of today, is that they do not look—they positively refuse to look—at other artists' pictures. If Rousseau was an exception, then the less

populaire he. They are indebted, stylistically, to nobody. They have no theories about how to paint nor are they concerned with ways of digesting or communicating visual experience. Stylistically, they are timeless. Period-vision cannot touch them. In their manner of painting they all resemble each other. All that matters to them is choice of subject: and all that matters to us is the intensity with which they isolate the chosen subjects from the rest of life and cut, as it were, round the form that interests them with a pair of metal scissors.



'Bob the Cat', by Frederick John Buckett

The Virgilian Bauchant paints the Almighty at work creating birds—a department-store Santa Claus surrounded by a hundred fluttering specimens from an illustrated Natural History. Bombois, with terrifying intensity, isolates a can-can dancer, pneumatic, desirable, and



'La Danseuse', by Camille Bombois

luminous. Vivin builds little towns and villages with bricks from a child's toy-box. Peyronnet, in 'La Source', the best picture in the show, presents limestone rocks, grass, water, and clouds with a concentration so fierce as to give one's eye the sensation of a sore finger rubbing against sand-paper. Mr. Buckett's 'Bob the Cat' is the balloon-like prototype of all overfed cats. In spite of the window behind it and the view through the window, it does not exist in time and space.

What is common to all these artists is that their intentions are always pictographic, never pictorial. They isolate objects: they never relate them to each other. It happens that Vivin's fussy little bricks do add up to an attractive unifying pattern and Buckett's balloon-shaped cat makes a pleasant contrast with the square box on which it sits, but such effects are purely

fortuitous. The Sunday painter thinks no more of the shape and texture of his picture than the average conversationalist thinks of the shape and texture of his sentences. His job is to convey a meaning and, equally important, to eliminate all subsidiary meanings. The cat casts no shadow because she is not a seen cat but a remembered cat. Bombois' dancer exists in a vision that does not include the floor on which she dances: she consists almost entirely of massive thighs and flashing eyes.

When the Sunday Painter's vision—his only claim to distinction—fails him, his picture drops to the level of stammering prose. Just as a singer depends on his larynx, so he depends on an intuitive faculty for making images. And so, unlike the professional artist or even the primitive, he can never 'develop'. His first picture is as impressive as his last. Even the child artist has an advantage over him, for the child is always engaged in a mad race between his own innocence and the shadow of approaching maturity.

Inevitably the exhibition contains one or two border-line cases. Alfred Wallis, the Cornish fisherman-painter, does establish relationships between his ships and the surface of the sea. A 'Still-life with Pine-apple' by an unknown artist is a consciously organised composition as well as a description of an assemblage of fruits. And there are one or two *faux maîtres populaires* by sophisticated addicts of neo-Sabbatarianism in painting. But, on the whole, the show is delightful. It contains no masterpieces, since the profounder levels of experience lie well beyond the range of naivety. But it contains much that is lyrical and very little that is pedestrian.

The exhibition reviewed by Mr. Newton is at 17-18 Dover Street, London, W.1.



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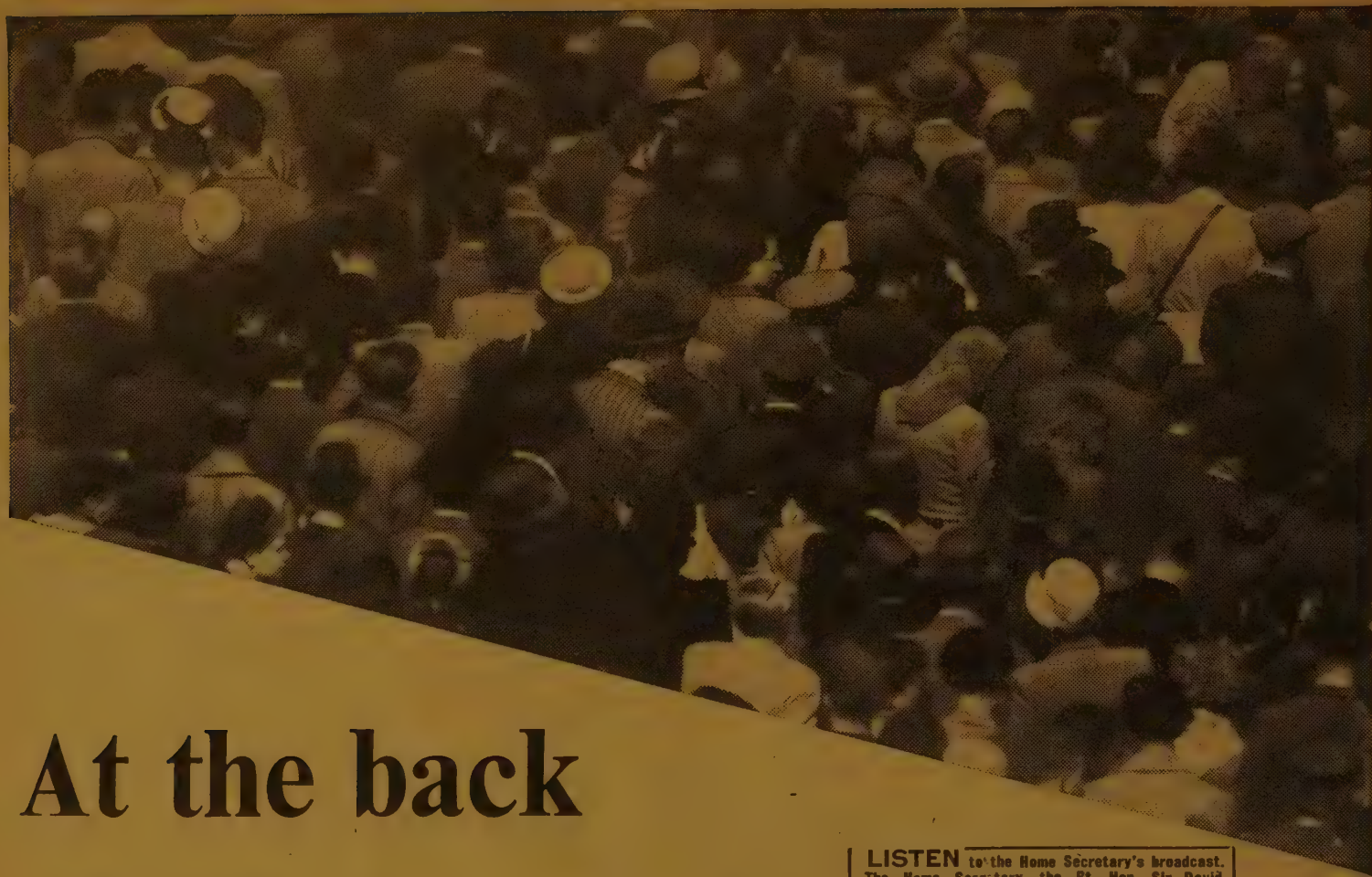
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The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Communist Party of India

By M. R. Masani. Verschoyle. 18s.

HOW TO STOP Communism is a frequent theme of politicians' speeches on both sides of the Atlantic. Some recommend arms, others favour plans for vast economic aid. There is a war going on in Asia, we are told, for the souls of the neutrals and every commentator has his panacea for preventing south-east Asians from becoming Communists. What has been lacking up till now is a detailed study of the methods used by south-east Asian Communist Parties to defeat the democratic plans. Communism makes a double threat in south-east Asia. Externally there is the danger that China may seek to swallow her neighbours as Russia did in Europe. Internally there is the possibility that local Communist Parties may achieve a broad-based strength by propaganda aimed at convincing credulous and hungry peasants that the millennium has arrived in Russia and in China; and that they may seize power through intrigues and undercover infiltration into influential positions.

Exactly how the Indian Communist Party goes about its work is described by Mr. Minoo Masani. Once chairman of the Congress Socialist Party, he has had much experience in countering Communist attempts to capture left-wing parties. As elsewhere the Communists of India have danced through all the twists of policy demanded by Moscow. They might have made more progress in India before the war had not the British gaoled most of their leaders after the Meerut conspiracy trial in 1929. But despite this setback they succeeded in burrowing their way into the Congress Socialist Party and in diverting many Socialists from the democratic path. In conjunction with the British Communist Party, who seem to have had the role of guide, they infected Indian students at Oxford and other universities. Intellectuals who incline to the left are very sensitive to the accusation that they are not Socialist enough. Nowhere is this more true than in India where a combination of taunts and cajolery from the Communists pushed many Socialists into extreme views for fear of being regarded as merely liberal.

The war found Communists and Congress almost in agreement. The Russians having signed their non-aggression pact with the Nazis, the Communists were free to take a nationalist line in protesting against a war conducted by and for imperialism. The German attack on Russia compelled a sudden change and alone of all the Indian groups the Communists, who had condemned the 1935 Government of India Act as a 'slave' constitution, attacked Congress for not accepting the Cripps proposals under which India would still have had no control of her defence or foreign affairs.

The Communists acted as assistants and informers to the British for the remainder of the war and the British authorities gave them considerable help and encouragement which enabled them, while Congress and Socialist leaders were in gaol, to make some headway. After the war the Communists reverted to nationalism but a little later denounced the transfer of power as a sham independence, attacking Nehru as a stooge of the Anglo-American imperialist war-mongers. In the elections in 1952, although they only polled 4.5 per cent. of the total vote, by winning twenty-three seats in the Delhi House of the People they became the second largest party after Congress. The Socialists with 10.5 per cent. of the votes won only twelve seats and

in the minds of many are displaced by the Communists as the alternative government to Congress. Their chief asset is the neutralist mood of India which tries to see no difference between Anglo-America and the Communists. The mood is reinforced by the understandable feeling that a starving man would rather have bread than a philosophical argument on the merits of Communism and democracy, and that he does not care where the bread comes from so long as he gets it.

The Indian Government has taken many sharp measures against the Communists in retaliation for their terrorist activities in various parts of the country. But at the same time Nehru and other leaders have assisted the prestige of the Communists by their lavish praises of the revolution in China. At present India still lives in the democratic tradition but it is not a powerful tradition. There is no effective Labour Party to canalise the discontented and to encourage the idealists. The more successful China is diplomatically and internally the weaker will be the attraction of democracy. Religion, Gandhism and the Government's five-year economic plan are the main immediate hopes in India of thwarting the Communists, who skilfully combine calls for peace with threatening references to the might of China and the inevitability of Communism. The answer is, as Mr. Masani says in this valuable and comprehensive survey of Communist tactics, that if India is to be convinced of the desirability of democracy she must be made to believe that the west is physically powerful enough to prevent a world Communist victory and sufficiently well intentioned to relieve the starving of their distress.

The Radio Talk. By Janet Dunbar.

Harrap. 8s. 6d.

Described as 'a practical study of the art and craft of talks broadcasting', this little book shows a thorough knowledge of its subject and some experience of talks production—enough experience, one would think, to have taught the author that a talk is much more often a work of craftsmanship than of art.

The book is well arranged in three parts—'Planning the Talk', 'The Script', and 'Speaking the Talk', which accords well with the author's evident desire to give practical help to the would-be broadcaster of talks. This Miss Dunbar does with good sense, such as is all too rare since it would seem to be based on work as a producer as well as a speaker.

In a variety of chapters, many of the questions that confront the producer are wisely discussed. Perhaps the most interesting of these short chapters is that dealing with the 'Specialised Talk', which contains many valuable reflections on talks for women, for children and for 'youth'; then Miss Dunbar goes on to write about the biographical and the autobiographical talk, thus confusing the talk which is addressed to a special audience with the talk devoted to a special subject. This confusion has often been made before, but it is dangerously misleading and it could well have spoiled the B.B.C.'s excellent talks to special audiences; fortunately it has always been realised that in script writing for a special section of the public—and in planning too—it is the audience that matters most. Indeed it is scrupulous attention to the particular audience which, above all else, has built up the superiority of Schools Broadcasting; while it is vagueness of purpose which has led to many disappointments elsewhere:

in fact it is uncertainty about the audience which has been the root of most of the troubles in talks broadcasting.

Certainly the specialist talk, of which Miss Dunbar writes, has been one of the great achievements of British broadcasting. For the conception of the mass audience as the sum of many small specialist audiences is closely related to the determination not to ignore the minority. This and other short chapters are distinguished, as is the whole of Miss Dunbar's book, by the well-chosen extracts from fairly recent talks which are used to illustrate her points. It should be added that, although the essay on biographical talks seems to have been somewhat misplaced, the comment on autobiographical talks is most apt and might well be the beginning of a series of displays of craftsmanship, if not of works of art.

The Imagination of Vanbrugh and his Fellow Artists. By Laurence Whistler. Batsford. 73s. 6d.

We owe a great deal to Mr. Laurence Whistler. Twenty-six years ago he gave us his admirable biography of Vanbrugh. For many of us this was the raising of the Victorian iron curtain upon Vanbrugh's delectable extravaganzas... it was a revelation. Having thus whetted our appetite, having made a whole generation more conscious of Vanbrugh, Mr. Whistler now gives us a complementary volume. Lavish, spacious, scholarly—this book, drawing upon new sources and newly discovered letters, sets out the relationship of Vanbrugh to his patrons—more particularly Lord Carlisle at Castle Howard—and to his colleagues—more particularly Talman and Hawksmoor. It also tells a more intricate story: how were these vast piles actually designed, how much was really the work of Vanbrugh, how much of his assistants and partners? We watch—from Vanbrugh's own rough drafts onwards—the steady growth of palaces, from single central blocks, ever outwards as ambition soared, into those widespread groupings of courtyards and pavilions that were destined to be part of the English landscape. Vanbrugh emerges with his genius untarnished; he also emerges as the intuitive and brilliant amateur who needed the experience, the Pygmalion touch of a different species of genius to give life to his dreams. That genius was the modest, experienced, practical Hawksmoor. This book, in fact, while it in no way belittles Vanbrugh, ends up with two heroes.

Counterparts

By Roy Fuller. Verschoyle. 6s.

This collection of poems is enjoyable because the author writes about definite things from a definite point of view. The latter is determined by that mid-life mood which comes down, a darkness at noontide, over most of us as the dew dries from the grasslands of youth, and hopes and grandeurs begin to taste dry in the mouth. Mr. Fuller, in his Envoy, anticipates that many readers will attack him for this mood, and say

Your verses are depressing,
Obsessed with years and death:
Don't you observe the blessing
In merely drawing breath,
In things that aren't so pressing?

He replies, perhaps a little over-ingeniously,

... my verse
Comes out of moods of pleasure,
If life were any worse
There wouldn't be the leisure
Even to moan and curse.

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The moaning and cursing, however, is done in verse that is beautifully constructed, by an artist with a pride in his craft; which implies a faith in life after all, and in spite of the annoyances done him by his fellow-creatures, especially politicians and administrative authoritarians. There is so much latent humour, and such a constant response to beauty and high quality, that the reader cannot believe Mr. Fuller when, like a latter-day Diogenes, he pokes his head out of his tub and cries

Anyone happy in this age and place
Is daft or corrupt. Better to abdicate
From a material and spiritual terrain
Fit only for barbarians.

He realises that in thus releasing a native fastidiousness, which makes him withdraw from the banal contacts of our democratic society, he is liable to be accused of reactionary middle-agedness. But he doesn't care. He is delivered to a determination even to lose the cant of our time, that prates of equality. In this aim, his poetry is shaped with a care that must be its own reward; and the praise of the few who love the craft. The technical influence of Robert Graves' work is often apparent; another poet who refuses to play communal games. Mr. Fuller demands the right to be impressionistic, since he despairs of principles and ideologies:

I would like to renounce the waking rational life,
The neat completed work . . .
I would like to resolve to live fully
In the barbarous world of sympathy and fear.

He takes that plunge, but the result is not so terrifying as that which followed Baudelaire's leap into the depths. There is a Browningsque robustness in Mr. Fuller's personality, which is irked and even intimidated by a mind given to rationality. That vigour breaks through, willy-nilly, with shouts of appreciation of the very stuff of life, and in the poems that catch these subconscious bouts of vitality, Mr. Fuller has captured something that anthropologists should not miss. Poems such as 'The Snow' and 'The Image' are wholly satisfying in their form, their clarity, their verbal texture; and this despite the poet's insistent posture of derision and contempt:

I do not know which are the most obscene:
Poets, profoundly sceptic, scared, unread;
The leaders monolithic in their mania;
Or the unteachable mass, as good as dead.

Mr. Fuller is most likely to be read, because he has a distinguished personality shining through his work; even through the comminatory mask it wears.

The War at Sea. By Captain S. W. Roskill Vol. I. The Defensive. H.M.S.O. 42s.

As a detailed account of the naval war, Captain Roskill's volume, the first of three he is to contribute to the official Military History of the second world war, could hardly be bettered. For its balanced construction as a book, its completeness and clarity as a narrative, its directness as a piece of writing, its excellent maps and illustrations, its low price, it can be highly recommended to all concerned, academically and professionally or otherwise, in the most recent war at sea. And no one interested in any way in the history of the second world war should fail to be interested in this aspect of it. That war, despite the great expansion of power and activity in the air, was no exception to the rule that, since the rise of Great Britain as a Great Power, her great wars have been trials of strength between her command of the sea and the control by others of the continent of Europe.

It followed partly from this, the essential character of the war, that its opening phases were defensive from Great Britain's point of view. Sea-power was still her chief strength. The advantages of sea-power, whether it be exercised

by air or by naval weapons, are still reaped in the long run rather than at once, in the grand strategy of a total conflict rather than in the conduct of opening campaigns. The only important weakness in Captain Roskill's work is that he does not always allow sufficiently for this underlying, strategic reason why Great Britain was on the defensive between September 1939 and December 1941, the period covered by this volume, when he reaches conclusions about other elements in the situation.

The other main explanations of Great Britain's difficulties and frustrations in this defensive phase were, as so often before, pre-war neglect and, as always, human fallibility. Captain Roskill rightly draws attention to them. Some of his readers, however, may derive distorted impressions from what he says on these scores; and, if they do, it will not be because he is ever anything but judicious and fair-minded. It will be for the reason just given. Take, for example, his remarks on the shortcomings of British naval intelligence compared with that of Germany. He is right in emphasising that this was one important consequence of pre-war neglect. But it was also due in large measure to the fact that the strategic initiative lay with the Germans. And though he recognises this fact to begin with, he fails to give it due weight in individual cases throughout his book; with the result that, despite his anxiety to show that some of the criticism previously levelled at British intelligence has been unfounded, the false impression is sometimes given that things could easily have been other than they were if Great Britain had been better prepared. The distortion is increased by his failure to note the technical consideration that intelligence is more easily acquired from a naval organisation the size of the British than from the small fleet with which Germany entered and fought the war.

Captain Roskill occasionally hints that, so long as the collection and dissemination of operational intelligence was centralised in London, Admiralty interference in the control of operations by the area and fleet commanders was unavoidable; and such interference provides him with his main source for examples of that other element in the situation, human error. There are two points to be made here. The implication that intelligence could have been decentralised, though it was perhaps also unintentional, is misleading. Given the state of modern naval communications, the German as well as our own, there was no alternative to centralisation. The second point is similar. Captain Roskill is too good a judge of men and things to take his stand on the lofty principle that mistakes should never have been made. But when he analyses those that did occur, and particularly those he lays at the Admiralty's door, he more than once comes near to misleading his readers by again neglecting to give the severe strategic limitations of the defensive phase their proper weight in the balance. The irreducible minimum of human fallibility was, on this account, usually much greater than his conclusions sometimes lead one to suppose.

These criticisms, however, arise from what are only small blemishes on an excellent book. If they have been discussed at length it is because they may be of general interest to its readers, who will easily recognise that it is good enough to stand the strain.

Three Singles to Adventure

By Gerald Durrell. Hart-Davis. 15s.

This is a most amusing and interesting account of an expedition to British Guiana to collect live animals for zoos. The author is an excellent writer; he tells of his adventures skilfully and with humour, and describes his animals accurately and with sympathy.

The author and his companions first made a journey through the low lying creek lands along the coast, and then an air visit to the grassy savannahs two hundred miles into the interior; wherever they went, the country, the people, and above all the animals are vividly portrayed. Adventure is the name of a small village near the mouth of the Essequibo which, though romantically named, is prosaically reached by booking a ticket by the ferry, train and river steamer. Shortly after arriving there a Chinaman brought the party a currawong, a large and ridiculous black bird about the size of a turkey, its head surmounted by a crest of curly feathers that looked rather like a wind-swept toupé, and its beak and heavy chicken-like feet bright yellow. 'Neither Bob nor I had ever met quite such a gentle, stupid and amiable bird'. They christened him Cuthbert, the only name they could think of that perfectly fitted his sloppy character. Cuthbert was continually getting in the way, tripping them up, trying to sit on the diary when it was being written up, or to go to roost on their feet, all the time uttering a soft and plaintive 'peet . . . peet . . . peet'.

But Cuthbert was by no means the only entertaining character among the collection—there was the capybara that played the harp on the wire netting of its cage at night with its huge rabbit-teeth and then, raising its large bottom, drummed with its hind feet on its tin tray making a noise like stage thunder; or the tree porcupine, the natural clown of the animal world, called 'pimpla hog' in Guiana, that the author found quite irresistible. Apart from these more colourful members of the party Mr. Durrell ably describes innumerable mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes, and his adventures in capturing them—from monkeys and humming birds to huge caimans and electric eels. One of the most extraordinary animals that he tells about is the Pipa toad that carries its eggs in pockets in the skin of its back until they hatch out not as tadpoles but as completely formed miniature toads. This is a charming book; it is written in a lively style that carries the reader along and fills him with an enthusiasm that approaches that of the author himself for the animals and their interesting ways.

Everyday Life in Babylon and Assyria

By Georges Contenau. Arnold. 25s.

For very many years there has been a real need for a popular book upon this subject. Assyriologists are apt to complain that their work—unlike that of the Egyptologist—excites but little public interest, so that the student gets no encouragement except from the narrow circle of his fellows. This is true, on the whole, and the reason for it is that the ordinary man has heard enough about the ancient Egyptian to realise that he was a fellow-creature for whom one can have a measure of understanding and sympathy; but the ancient Assyrian remains alien and impersonal. The fault lies with the scholars; they had the knowledge, but they have kept it to themselves, leaving in the dark the public whose lack of interest they deplored. Now, at long last, M. Georges Contenau has come forward with a mass of detailed information about life in Babylon, throwing light on almost every aspect of man's behaviour and thought in Mesopotamia between 700 and 530 B.C.

No scholar was better qualified than M. Contenau to write this book, and the English translators, K. R. and R. A. Maxwell-Hyslop, have done their work admirably; it is indeed a compendium of knowledge in a readable form. If at times it is not easy reading that is simply due to the amount of material which the author has had to compress into a comparatively small volume, for the same reason one not in-



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frequently would have wished some briefly-stated point to have been elaborated into a full description; but we have here the essentials, and the underlying principles of Mesopotamian thought are so emphasised as to make clear much that would otherwise be difficult to grasp. With this detailed picture of the material setting of their lives, of their customs and habits, and

with this acute interpretation of their intellectual achievements the old Babylonians do become for us real people.

The only serious blot on the book is one for which neither author nor translators can be held responsible. The publishers lay stress on the figure of a man-headed bull printed on their wrapper, ask if there is anything odd about it,

and cite a page reference for its explanation. Unfortunately the block-maker has silhouetted the figure, cutting away the stone background and so turning a bas-relief into a free statue in the round, a change which defeats the whole purpose of the sculptor and makes nonsense of the author's text. One hopes that the wrapper may be suppressed.

New Novels

Wedding Preparations. By Franz Kafka. Secker and Warburg. 18s.

Music in the Morning. By Adrian Bell. Bodley Head. 9s. 6d.

An Alligator Named Daisy. By Charles Terrot. Collins. 10s. 6d.

THERE are certain great novelists—perhaps chiefly those who were prevented by death from accomplishing all they intended to do—in whose death it still isn't easy to believe. Perhaps, in a permanent midnight provided for those who were night-workers on earth, Balzac is completing the vast arch of the *Comédie Humaine*, Proust is retouching the last three volumes of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, and Kafka, in a high bare room reminiscent of his lodgings in Prague and Berlin, reveals how K. finally obtained recognition from the Castle authorities.

The abandoned edifices of Kafka's three novels are no mere folly-towers or Babels (though their intention is to reach to Heaven), unfinished because their impossibility became too obvious. They are like half-built houses, deserted at the outbreak of a war, waiting for their builders' return. Their completion, though far away, is already in sight: K. will certainly force the supernatural bureaucrats in the Castle to admit his right to exist—although, we are told, he is fated to die of exhaustion at the moment of victory. Little Karl, in *America*, will discover a New World of happiness: he had already glimpsed it when, in one of two glass-walled lifts, he travelled up the inside of a skyscraper side by side with his new grand-piano in the other. Even the second K., in *The Trial*, may somehow escape the already-written last chapter, in which the two dark executioners slaughter him 'like a dog'. Kafka knew that in this world everyone is guilty of original sin, for which the punishment is death; but he also knew that the sentence is invariably commuted to penal servitude for life. Perhaps, it is true, at the time of his premature death he was still unable to finish anything whatever—his need for frustration could not yet be frustrated—and he would never have returned to those half-erected homes of his mind. But then he would have finished them in other novels. His message was not surrender, but effort, not the abandonment of hope, but the duty of hope in a world of despair. He was a prophet of our present misfortunes, a precursor of their remedy. He asked us to have a sense of sin: and we have temporarily disobeyed him by having only a sense of guilt.

The illusion of Kafka's survival is heightened by the continued appearance, as if he had just written them, of new volumes in which he is clearly at the summit of his powers. The title-story in the present instalment of the definitive English edition of his works consists of the first chapter and a half of an (as always) unfinished novel. Max Brod, Kafka's friend and posthumous editor, deduces from the handwriting of the manuscript that it was written about 1907, when Kafka was only twenty-four, and it is therefore his earliest identifiable work. Eduard Raban is leaving Prague for a fortnight in the country, during which he is to marry his fiancée Betty, 'an oldish pretty girl'. His guilty reluctance is projected upon the outside world, and the

pouring rain and passing crowds, which so long seem to prevent him from leaving the street-door of his lodgings, have the strange meaningfulness which everyday things show only to the innocent gaze of genius or the hunted eyes of paranoia. 'High time, too', snaps the booking-clerk when he reaches the station. In the train Raban rolls anxiously, through the night, speaking his thoughts, for he is unaware that the interior monologue has not yet been invented: 'As I lie in bed I assume the shape of a big beetle', it occurs to him. A business-man sitting opposite complains of the unfair methods of his competitors, and begins to weep; a shop-woman is 'biting into a piece of cake that was spread with brown jam'.

Raban thought he was waking up and that was why his cheeks were so refreshed, or someone was opening the door and drawing him into the room, or he was in some way mistaken about things, and, breathing deeply, he quickly fell asleep.

When Raban at last arrives at the village, and sits in the omnibus outside the inn waiting for the innkeeper, we are told no more: for *Wedding Preparations* ends precisely where, thirteen years later, *The Castle* will begin. It seems fairly certain that the marriage would not have taken place; and also that the novel would not have reached the deeper layers of the unconscious in which reality, for Kafka, was to become a cosmic myth.

The remainder of the volume, with one important exception, is made up of aphorisms and notes for stories written mostly between 1917 and 1920—after *The Trial*, that is, and before *The Castle*. In these openings and synopses and middle-bits from scores and scores of unwritten tales and novels—the mere contents, as it were, of his wastepaper-basket—Kafka is often at his greatest. There are a few journal-entries—'25th October. Sad, jumpy, physically unwell, dread of Prague, in bed'—and there is a genuine letter of complaint to a government department which ends, very much in the manner of *The Castle*, 'I hope that this time my answer will reach the department concerned'. To some readers, however (not to me), the most interesting item will be the famous and interminable letter to his father, written in 1919 and beginning 'Dearest Father, You asked me recently why I maintain I am afraid of you'. It is not a work of art, but it is an indispensable document on Kafka's biography and the sources of his terror and power. 'My writing was all about you', he says, and this is perfectly true. It is strange that Kafka, at the age of thirty-seven, should still have been obsessed by his relationship with that poor old man, and fortunate that, in this clear-sighted but pathological indictment of both father and son, he did not succeed in auto-analysing his *Angst* away. But the fathers eat poison and the children writhe in anguish: it is through their most personal and particular neuroses that great writers become universal. The letter was never sent—otherwise Kafka

might have heard his kindhearted, egotistic, pathetically blustering parent roar once again his favourite threat: 'I'll tear you apart like a fish!'

The translation by Eithne Watkins and Ernst Kaiser, except for a few passages which seem under-revised, is a worthy successor to those English classics, the Kafka translations of Willa and Edwin Muir. *Wedding Preparations* is not the best introduction for a newcomer to Kafka; but to those who know his three great novels it will suggest how much more there must have been in that tortured and courageous mind than ever came out of it. He was tortured and courageous not only for himself but for us: he went out, a voluntary scapegoat, into the desert of history where we have inevitably followed him; and he saw glimpses of the City beyond, the supra-terrestrial Prague, and its walls thronged with the greeting figures of angels or demons—it is not yet certain precisely which.

While I scorch in the Little Summer of 1954, and hope its sun may still shine when this review appears, my thoughts turn to your autumn holiday reading. I choose two books which may be read in a deck-chair with a relaxed mind, yet with no feeling that one's time is being wasted.

Music in the Morning must be a novel, for it has fictitious characters; but they are not characters in the sense that they take their parts in a plot. They are the inhabitants of the East Anglian town of Oatcott—farmers, tradesmen, labourers, maiden-ladies, and retired persons of the upper middle class. They see each other every day, they have been the same for years, and their lives move not to the artificial climax of fiction, but with the slow spiral motion of the country seasons. Old Harry Looken is cutting ash-saplings on Saint Valentine's Day—'The frosty air was tingling with murmurs of aircraft, invisible or tiny as stars in the blue, of tractors far away'. In April a few people collect outside Mr. Bee's open window, to hear him playing Bach, and exclaiming to himself '*A la gigue*. Delightful. Ah, this is very jolly'. An archery club is formed, there are tea parties, anecdotes are told (some of them, to tell the truth, rather tiresome), and soon it is Christmas, and spring again. Children are standing outside Mr. Bee's fence, hoping he will give them apples from his store. They do not know he died yesterday—but Mr. Adrian Bell, who is his nephew, goes 'to fetch the rest of the apples after all'.

Mr. Charles Terrot's popular *The Angel who Pawned her Harp* was about just that, and *An Alligator Named Daisy* is about just this. A pet alligator named Daisy is wished upon a young reptile-hating composer, and plays havoc with his life until she is happily married to another alligator named the Reluctant Dragon. Quite often the joke is not played for more than it is worth, and the book reminds one of the fantasies of the lamented but immortal Thorne Smith, author of *The Night Life of the Gods*.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Looking at Science

NO DOUBT I should have been paying closer attention to the form and content of the service being televised from the Cathedral Church of Christ, Oxford, at which this year's President of the British Association, Dr. Adrian, read a lesson and members of the Association were prominent in the congregation. It was a fine service. Beautifully spoken and sung, it was preceded by the panoply of three processions, rolling sedately along the nave. The television cameras reported it with great skill and tact.

Seeing leaders of scientific thought taking part in a public avowal of the limitations of the human mind set me reflecting on the validity of the notion that in future the scientists will do more of the world's thinking than the philosophers. 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork'. The voice of the President, reading the lesson, was a reminder that the decline of piety, which was the handiwork of the scientists, may be arrested by the new discoveries which show the universe to be ever more mysterious, with room in it even for God. It seemed to me, one of the watchers from afar, that in transmitting that act of worship from Oxford, television did a service to science, whose votaries have acquired the stigma of being men apart, of being thought inhuman, by their insistence on the open mind and their wholehearted assumption of reason as the evolutionary ultimate. The passive resistance of scientific agnosticism has been a more dangerous enemy of faith than atheistic combativeness. By means of television we were enabled to see men of science taking sides. Their refusal to do so has in the past placed them with the godless. The church-going of the scientists may not argue submission to authority. But the scientist, like the artist, is capable of reverence and of assent to the proposition that ethical feeling may be as much an evolutionary outgrowth as reason.

Summing up television's dealings with this year's British Association gathering, I agree with Mr. J. M. Harries, of Norbury, who wrote to me suggesting that television ought by this time to be able to give us programmes 'which are rather more than extracts from a sort of technological gossip column'. He thinks there should be 'a planned series about scientists on the lines of "The Conductor Speaks"'. Mr. Harries adds: 'I think it would be adventurous television and it might help to bridge the chasm between the two wings of learning. Scientists themselves might say: "Heavens, is that what I'm like",

and fly to basket-making or the recorder and similar activities suggested by the earnest as antidotes to over-specialisation'.

We were given a hint, if hardly more, of the possibilities in the symposium which rounded off the transmissions from Oxford, the round-table talk between Professor A. V. Hill, Sir Ben Lockspeiser, and Dr. J. Bronowski. In exhibiting the idealism of pure science it disclosed, also, the scientist's awareness of the fears he is generating, an aspect to which Sir Ben Lockspeiser was agreeably sensitive. J. F. Wolfenden demonstrated chairmanship of a kind that never distinguishes the panel games, for example; he helped to make this a television occasion. The previous evening Sir Harold Hartley had come before us to survey the extending partnership



George Cansdale with a bear cub in 'Looking at Animals' on September 11

between science and industry, using diagrams and demonstration material in a wonderfully lucid expository performance.

A widely known scientist friend of mine spoke to me scornfully of these annual British Association events. I took him to mean that they have become too much of a parade of personalities. Whether that is fair comment or not, the B.B.C. Television Service on duty at Oxford connected us, visually and verbally, with much that was interesting there.

'Teleclub', which, risking sardonic asides, I will refer to as the adolescents' own programme, returned minus the two young assistants on which many of its activities had formerly pivoted; a pity, I thought, to have dispensed with their bright enthusiasm. But Max Robertson, taking charge, displays just the right touch of quietly effacing seniority. The highlight of the new session's start was a trial-by-jury approach to the teddy-boy problem, which fairly obviously is with us as a result of desperately relaxed standards of parental discipline. In spite of the cumbersome and over-worked ritual of bobbing counsel and ruminative judge, we were given what seemed to be a fair and balanced view. It was assisted by a teddy-girl, whose reiterated 'Well, I mean—' gave authenticity to mock proceedings in which the level of eloquence was pitched unconvincingly high. 'Teleclub' was one of the few regular programmes which had showed a steady rate of improvement. We must hope that it will be maintained.

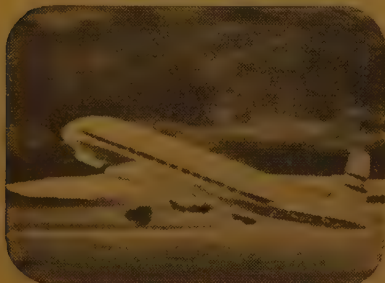
Drenched cameramen at the Farnborough Air Display on Saturday succeeded in keeping our screens visually busy for more than two hours, a considerable feat of endurance in the circumstances. The lenses were often misted and streaked but the pictures came through with astonishing clarity. The last shots of the slowly circling Comet III were superb against the equinoctial clouds.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Chin Up

DENTISTS HAVE WARNED, and the warning was last week passed on during 'Children's Television', that those young persons who watch television lying on their stomachs with their heads cupped in their hands—in the manner of 'The Boyhood of Raleigh', is it not?—will grow up deformed—in jaw. What fate awaits adults who sit through Variety programmes with their heads buried in their despairing hands is not disclosed. A colleague writes fretfully that one always seems to be writing about television audiences when one is trying to write about television. No book reviewer, save those in children's supplements, would think twice about condemning or extolling on the ground that elsewhere someone else might enjoy or reject, as the case might be. But when confronted in solitary seclusion with entertainment which fails to entertain you personally, you cast about for some other spirit whose enjoyments might lighten your burden: rather as morose children taken to the pantomime by jocose uncles make shift to enjoy the thing because it is so obvious that the old boy is enjoying it by proxy.



As seen by the viewer: a Comet rising from the runway, and a twin-rotor helicopter, in shots of the Farnborough Air Display on September 11

'About Britain—the Isle of Skye' on September 10: Armadale Castle, and a stone in commemoration of Flora Macdonald

Photographs: John Cura



'The Moon in the Yellow River' on September 12, with (left to right) Gerard Heinz as Tausch, Thomas Heathcote as Commandant Lanigan, Harry Hutchinson as George, Wally Patch as Captain Potts, Jean Anderson as Aunt Columba, and Malcolm Keen as Dobelle

Those who have seen the whole of 'Both Ends Meet' in the theatre, and those who have not seen it, could well enjoy the extract from this endearing little income-tax morality. Arthur Macrae being both dramatist and leading man, one does not like to suggest to him that his play would be even funnier if he could enact a different sort of hero. But Brenda Bruce is a splendid prop and all the other conspirators were so amusing in small doses that a very happy impression of the play was given. Now, instead of running two years, as one had predicted, it will run six or seven—paying a handsome harvest to that inland revenue it dares to mock. This is a play Molière would have enjoyed or possibly written had it pleased heaven to make him a twentieth-century Englishman. Not that Mr. Macrae is a genius in the same category. But he is rather a ripe plum for television which might possibly coax him to write a play *about* television for television. In this way, by being sure of a 9,000,000 audience at the cost of a single performance, he could surely reduce his capital gains and enjoy a holiday for the rest of the year. I am not encouraging unofficial strikes, but who so daft finally is there to keep chickens if all the eggs are to be confiscated?

The problem which beset the genial Harry Green in 'Isidor Comes To Town' was to win over a stiff-necked, suspicious, and anti-Semitic community in Valley Falls, New Hampshire, U.S.A. This he did, as you perhaps guessed he would finally. Someone should try writing a farce for Mr. Green which ends nobly—say, with slogging up a mountain into an eternal blizzard, *à la Ibsen*. This would make a change. But those who like Mr. Green as he is, perhaps the majority, would be disappointed. In small doses, he is a tonic; in large ones, he induces coma. But that varies with age. I can remember a time when I could think of nothing lovelier than to play an ancient gramophone record of 'Tom Clare on the Telephone' through thirty times on end.

Sunday brought back a play, 'The Moon in the Yellow River', which, if persistence is the test, seems in a fair way to becoming a minor classic, like 'Journey's End' or 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street'. The last time I saw it 'live', the murderous pistol failed to go off, clicked, clicked again, till finally the ugly 'Stater' had to walk off the stage, his mission unaccomplished: while

his potential victim, desperate with such a reprieve, slumped over the piano as though merely overcome by alcohol! This was a fatal accident which did not occur in this commendable version produced by Harold Clayton, though strangely enough it looked as if Thomas Heathcote who was playing the Commandant (very well) had fired a shot into his own pocket! The view then changed, we faced him and saw that he had the 'reeking tube' pointed in the direction in which the bullet should have gone. Touch and go, but it 'killed' poor Denis O'Dea effectively. And at six inches range it could hardly have missed.

The murder of Darrell Blake counts as a powerful moment in modern drama, but its effect is not of course due to the gun play or any such detail of it as I have been writing upon. It depends on how deeply involved we feel with Blake, as once wonderfully we did when Wolfitt played the part. I thought Denis O'Dea very good indeed as suggesting this rogue elephant revolutionary who, having fought for the liberation of Ireland from the wicked British, does not want to see his country polluted by efficient industrialism, as represented by the German power-house outside Dublin. The character does not, in fact, have very much with which to establish itself and the task seemed less formidable on the stage and in less cramped quarters than those of this setting. On the stage the comedy—Aunt Columba's incursions with her bicycle, and Agnes' forays from the kitchen—seemed to isolate the character

of Blake as a river swirling along makes an islet in midstream look 'lonely'. But here everyone was on top of everyone else. The pattern of tragedy and farce did not compose well. But it was enjoyable. Malcolm Keen as Dobelle, Paddy Joyce as silly Willie, Nuna Davey, passably Irish sounding as the tyrant of the kitchen, Jean Anderson as the fanatic old maiden aunt, all these and others filled out in imagination. It was only the realistic handling of some unwise shots outside the house (destroying the unity of place) which needed a little adjustment.

After the play an American pianist, Rosalyn Tureck, played Bach's Italian Concerto well.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Waning Spirits

THE ROOM WAS QUIET, the house very old; outside, through the gusty rain, beat the cathedral bells. Somewhere boards creaked, and the house seemed, as they say, to be 'breathing'. Very well: a propitious setting for 'The Turn of the Screw' (Third). It was the 1946 production, one of those valuable bottles from the Drama Department cellar. Almost at once, the drama-



Patrick McGoochan as Parnell and Helen Shingler as Mrs. O'Shea in 'You Are There: The Fall of Parnell' on September 6

tist, E. J. King Bull, and the actress, Flora Robson, managed to summon us to Henry James' Bly. But, as the evening passed, and the atmosphere thickened, and the wet world outside was very still, I found the spine unfrozen, the hair unraised. The lights had not burned blue. And I began to ask whether repetition might not be here a form of exorcism. In the past that haunted house of Bly had done all that James wished. Now I was listening unmoved, conscious of the art of players and producer, but finding that the imagination failed to prick.

I had been perfectly receptive. Sitting there, waiting for my own spirits to be raised, I wondered heretically whether another James might not have made more telling use of the material. Even at a hundredth re-reading, the best of the M. R. James stories must inevitably start a shudder. After all these years one hesitates before turning the last page of, say, 'Count Magnus'. But Bly is getting almost too cosy. One knows too well the way around the place. One knows just when to expect the ghosts. Pleasure is now more in the



Rosalyn Tureck at the piano on September 12, when she played Bach's Italian Concerto



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writing, the hints, the half-tones, than in the substance of the tale. On this windy night I found myself thinking of James' skill in 'lighting' Bly, its afternoons and its dusk, rather than of the too familiar terrors. Maybe the opera will restore the old *frisson*. I wait anxiously for Mr. Hussey's verdict on a Bly reconsidered. Twice only during the radio-drama the right chill returned: once when the housekeeper (Gladys Young) said, 'Yes. Mr. Quint is dead'; and, again, when Flora Robson said: 'I faced what I had to face'. Otherwise, the screw appeared to be working loose. (Joyfully, Jamesians will pounce on a double meaning.)

Another ghost of the week had to get along as best it could. It had to do its haunting on an afternoon that suddenly blazed. A ghost at a *matinée* is bound to be difficult; but I doubt whether this one would have bothered us much if we had listened to it on the site of Borley Rectory at Hallowe'en. The author of 'The Ghost of the Midsummer Ball' (Home) worked an old vein. It was the twentieth century in love with the eighteenth: a National Trust agent (1954) in love with beautiful Lady Arabelle, the victim of the midsummer ball (1754). Some of us had never realised what might happen on National Trust property, in what James would probably have called a castle of romance inhabited by a rosy sprite. Richard Bebb (agent) and Mary Wimbush (apparition) toiled for their dramatist; but no amount of goodwill could save a play that loitered glumly to its end among some superfluous moralising.

The week's true shivers came during the second instalment of 'Lorna Doone' in Ronald Gow's version (Light). There is nothing spectral in this. Even so, I first read the book long ago by the sea, under the embers of a winter sunset, and that moment returned most powerfully when I listened to Paul Rogers' John Ridd, and to Barbara Jefford's Lorna, as they talked together in the valley of the Doones. Mr. Rogers has at times a strangely haunted and haunting voice (as well as an accent that no West Countryman would fault), and both players were able to take us back to that lost Exmoor.

Nothing frosted our spirits in 'High Wages' (Home), which David Stringer had adapted from the Dorothy Whipple novel. There was a bit of romance, but we had, first of all, to be practical. Ghosts rarely haunted North Country drapers' shops forty years ago or more (I have not read any current statistics). In those days one just got on with the business and sold Mrs. Briggs several yards of sateen or, maybe, looked out a straw boater for Peter Quint. 'Thank you, ma'am. And the next article?' It was a highly competent and (let me suggest) spirited version, under Ayton Whitaker. Belle Chrystall was in the exact mood as the 'living-in' assistant; and the evening would have had some pleasure for a social historian. 'Things are coming to a pretty pass', a local dragon snorts indignantly, 'when I cannot enter a shop without being addressed by shopgirls'.

Spirits were kept up by a short programme, 'Variety Ahoy!' (Home) from H.M.S. *Collingwood*: I had a chance of seeing how one hospital patient appreciated David Nixon. And I am not sure whether spirits were speaking when, in a strange room on a relentlessly wet night, just two sentences emerged from the set, after much twiddling: 'Have you any envelopes?'—'Envelopes, Signorina!' I was sorry indeed not to know any more.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Kaleidoscope

MOST OF US BEGIN by being scientists. By a rather clumsy bit of trepanning I myself at an early age laid bare the mystery of the sleeping,

waking, and winking doll, and, shortly after that, debunked the wonders revealed by my kaleidoscope by prising off one end and discovering nothing more than three mirrors and some little bits of coloured glass. When referring to the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in his excellent talk on 'Home Affairs' last week, Anthony Ashton expressed the wish that some scientific philosopher would reverse this process and assemble the fragments accumulated by the various sciences and fit them into the pattern of the whole. I share his wish, but I don't see how even the greatest philosopher could do the job at the present stage of our knowledge, for not only are we ignorant of what the pattern is, but in many cases we don't know where one science begins and the other stops. Chemistry, for instance, encroaches on biology, psychology on zoology. It would be like trying to do a jigsaw puzzle not merely without knowing what picture we were trying to build up, but with pieces (if such were possible) of no determinate shape. Today, it is true, scientists are beginning to combine in exploring these vague areas. In 'Scientists in Session', a report on the British Association's meeting broadcast four hours after Mr. Ashton's talk, we heard that the zoologists and psychologists (to take a single instance) are uniting in the study of the behaviour of insects, birds, and animals. In the same report, which lasted half an hour, we heard recordings of talk by half a dozen or so of the scientists who spoke at the meeting—talk which, in every case, I found not only easy to swallow and digest but easy, also, on the palate, and highly interesting.

Science on an even more popular level was presented in four talks whose title contained one bad joke—'The Shape of Wings to Come'. In the first, called 'Men or Missiles?', Air Chief Marshal Sir Ralph Cochrane discussed the problems of air defence and the respective merits of supersonic fighters and guided missiles. In the second—'The Role of the Rotor'—Raoul Hafner, 'chief designer of the helicopter department of a well-known aircraft company' (such is *Radio Times*' description of him), described the three types and the special merits, failings, and functions of the helicopter in a talk which was much more interesting to one who at the age of nine or ten made a rotor which on its first and last trip flew to the top of a high tree and stayed there. In 'Tomorrow's Airliner' Peter Masefield stepped boldly into the middle of next decade and from that point of vantage described what he found in the way of airliners—their size, speed, and comfort. He also found overhead rail-coaches plying to and from airports at the speed of 180 miles an hour, which had proved cheaper to run than helicopters. In the fourth talk, 'The Light Fighter', W. E. W. Petter gave a fascinating account of the problems involved in reconciling the conflicting claims of speed, power, strength, and minimum weight.

It must be evident by this time that in my choice of listening last week I let myself in for an intensive bombardment of facts. This was not by conscious selection but simply because, for reasons which doubtless exist but are still far outside the range of science, there was a glut of factual stuff on all three services—facts about cells, genes, ice-cream vendors, supersonic fighters, irrigation of crops in England, the physical peculiarities of people who live in the tropics, and so forth. Indeed, facts were evidently the order of the week and so, setting my teeth, I plunged one evening into 'Radio Newsreel'. In consequence I now know all about the T.U.C.'s goings-on in the Dome at Brighton (How surprised the Prince Regent would have been!), about the history and significance of the Mace, the electric cable they are going to lay across the Channel, the low-

down on the Leipzig Fair, and the absurd course the ferry-steamer has to take across Lake Michigan, which will soon be rendered unnecessary by the longest bridge in the world, yes Sir!

The question remains, am I really the better for this gargantuan blow-out of information? Perhaps the psychologists, biologists, and pathologists will get together, sit on me, and tell me.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

New Music at Worcester

A SETTING OF THE Ordinary of the Mass by Herbert Howells and a Christmas Oratorio by Vaughan Williams, which was all that we listeners at home were permitted to hear of the Festival, bore witness both to the continued vitality of the Three Choirs meeting and to the astonishing activities of the two composers. In Howells' case the astonishment arises from his fulfilment in his sixties of the hopes aroused in the days of his studentship and youth. He must be the most remarkable instance of delayed action in the history of music. As to Vaughan Williams, the marvel is not so much that, past eighty, he should continue to pour out beautiful and characteristic music, but that it should be so fresh and original, manifesting many new ideas about form and treatment.

Vaughan Williams has dedicated his cantata to Howells with a characteristic confession of inadvertent cribbing from 'Hymnus Paradisi'. He never has been ashamed of cribbing, whether from an anonymous folk-song, a famous classic, or an admired contemporary. There is no need for him to blush, for whatever he borrows, it is not stuck on, like the peacock's feather in the fable, but is absorbed and transmuted into his own musical idiom. I don't pretend to have spotted the particular piece of plagiarism in question, and I doubt if it could be detected save by a careful recession of the two scores.

Howells, too, has developed a language of his own, sweet and euphonious in its utterance. Not that he does not occasionally 'crib'; for there appeared an echo from Stravinsky's 'Symphony of Psalms' in the clustered, percussive discords which punctuate the 'Gloria' and did not, I felt, seem quite in style with the general character of the music. But this, like other comments, must be read as an interim judgement subject to revision when the 'Missa Sabrinensis' becomes familiar.

For it is not easy music to grasp at once. Howells is essentially a composer for voices. He never treats the singer as a wind-instrument capable of mechanical leaps and bounds. He always writes fluently, but at the same time with an original sense of harmony and an extraordinary technical command of polyphony. His choral writing is, therefore, extremely complicated and must be difficult to sing, though, under the composer's direction, the Three Choirs passed the test with honours—probably because the writing is so eminently vocal.

What struck me, however, at this first hearing was a tendency for the music to become static. Despite elaborate rhythmical patterns, the movement seemed to stagnate. It was as though the complexities of the vocal polyphony cancelled each other out, producing a luscious, but too clotted, texture, for want of a firmer, not to say sinewy, melodic line, especially in the bass. None the less this is a beautiful work, whose glow every now and then brightens to an unearthly radiance, especially in the passages for the solo quartet, which is used, after Haydn's fashion in some of his Masses, as a *concertino* in contrast with the full chorus.

Vaughan Williams' 'This Day' covers the same ground as the first part of 'Messiah', and



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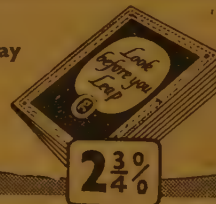
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even has to meet Handel face to face in St. Luke's narrative of the shepherds' vision. Our composer successfully meets the challenge by the simplicity and directness of his response to the text and by his original invention in the treatment of it. In place of recitative, he sets the narrative passages as a unison chant for treble voices accompanied in harmony by the organ. The effect is aloof, passionless, and hieratic, like plain-chant. The airs and choral movements, which include unaccompanied Chorales—not Bachian replicas, but modern equivalents not

unworthy of the master—are settings of an anthology of poems ancient and modern, chosen with the composer's infallible sense of propriety and literary style. And, where nothing was readily available, he has been fortunate in being able to call upon the muse of Ursula Wood to supply exactly the right kind of verses for the 'March of the Three Wise Men', verses as unaffected in their simplicity as the music.

If simplicity is the obvious characteristic of 'This Day' as complexity is of Howells' Mass, this is not to say that it is a little or unsophisti-

cated work. On the contrary, its structure is symphonic, in the sense that themes recur, though not 'developed', and that, though it consists of a series of self-contained movements, there is a sense of continuous growth from beginning to end. Its simplicity is that of wisdom which sees clearly and can speak its thoughts plainly, and, because those thoughts are noble and of an uplifting beauty, it is a grand simplicity, the finest form of expression to which great artists can aspire.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Lennox Berkeley and 'Nelson'

By WINTON DEAN

The first performance of the opera will be broadcast at 6.45 p.m. on Wednesday, September 22 (Home)

IN order of performance 'Nelson' is Lennox Berkeley's second opera, but its conception preceded that of 'A Dinner Engagement', and it is, of course, far more ambitious than that one-act piece. Indeed, it has been the composer's main preoccupation for five years, during which it has undergone considerable reshaping. This need occasion no surprise. Owing to the dearth of opera houses in this country English composers have few opportunities to see their work on the stage, the only satisfactory method of gaining the experience necessary to master this hybrid and difficult form. They must therefore grapple with its problems to some extent in the dark, and a composer who has always concerned himself with concert and chamber music is not likely to strike the dramatic balance by instinct the moment he puts pen to paper. To this must be added, in the case of 'Nelson', the peculiar difficulties of the subject itself.

Nelson is a national myth. The position he occupies in our national consciousness imposes formidable restraints on the artist who would re-create him in the theatre. Not only the facts of his life, but the main lines of his character are pre-determined; if he is not presented as a man of magnetic personality, a hero and a genius, the opera is done for. An English audience will judge him by different standards from those it applies to the average operatic tenor. It is never easy to portray genius on the stage, and the sphere in which Nelson's genius shone hardly lends itself to operatic treatment. The other characters are less difficult. Lady Hamilton is remembered for a love that dared all and in the end suffered all; her husband Sir William as a shrivelled collector of classical antiquities; Hardy as the phlegmatic recipient of a certain kiss. All this duly appears in the opera, but it is by the character of Nelson that it stands or falls. And if it should stand—a matter that can be determined only in actual performance—there is the prospect of its joining those few works of art, like 'Henry V' or 'Die Meistersinger', which add an extra layer of myth to history.

Berkeley and his librettist, Alan Pryce-Jones, have presented Nelson as a man torn between love and duty. The drama, which covers a historical period of seven years (1798-1805), springs entirely from this conflict. The economy of the libretto in the first act—always the most difficult in a serious opera—deserves more than passing notice. Nelson on his fortieth birthday is acclaimed at Naples after his great victory of the Nile. He has not been on dry land for months, and is ill at ease when he arrives at the ball given in his honour by the British Ambassador, Sir William Hamilton. His first entrance is very carefully contrived. All the earlier music has

breathed a sense of excited anticipation, mingled with the magic of a Mediterranean night, and there is a bustling ensemble as the guests scan the approaching carriages; but just when we expect a ceremonial climax Nelson comes in quite unnoticed. This at once sets him apart ('A strange little hero!' the guests mutter), and so does his first utterance, unaccompanied, with its striking intervals. In particular the rising minor sixth, followed by a semitone converting it into a major sixth, is characteristic of his music throughout the opera, sometimes in its minor, sometimes its major form.

It also haunts the song in which the fortune-teller, Madame Serafin, foretells the destiny that is to link Nelson and Emma. Their first duet has a strange timeless quality, emphasised by a skilful device through which the return to the real world is accomplished. An off-stage band has been playing dance music (*Tempo di Ländler*) for the ball. Now, as Sir William returns and says to Emma, 'It is you who are lost, you and Lord Nelson', the triple rhythm of the band competes with the common time of the pit orchestra (twenty-four bars of the one against eighteen of the other). This is one of many points where Berkeley's technical skill serves a subtle dramatic purpose. Another is the tendency of the lovers to sing in canon in the ensembles (for instance the *sotto voce* quartet at the end of Act II, Scene 1, and the duet in the following scene), as if their destiny would not permit them to diverge.

Act II introduces us to Lady Nelson, a pitiable figure whose unhappiness is suggested by the discords of the orchestral introduction. The creeping accompaniment of her first air and the dragging quintuple rhythm of the second stand in vivid contrast with the uninhibited, almost animal exuberance of the air in which Emma proclaims her love for Nelson. Emma lives recklessly in the present, defying convention and jumping the life to come; at the end of the opera, after Nelson's death at Trafalgar, she goes out not with a whimper but a bang. In the second scene of Act II, five years later, she is living with Nelson at Merton. But the war with France will not wait on private happiness, and Lord Minto comes from the Admiralty to sound Nelson about his acceptance of the vital command against Villeneuve. After a long duet with Emma he accepts the commission, and the act ends with his famous prayer written on the eve of Trafalgar.

Other authentic sayings of Nelson are used in Act III, which begins at Portsmouth just before his embarkation on the *Victory*. Emma has a presentiment of his death, and comes down in disguise to snatch another hour with him; this permits a moving reference to the music of

their first meeting in Act I. The orchestral interlude that follows represents the Battle of Trafalgar and leads to the death scene in the cockpit of the *Victory*. The essential quality of the music here is its classical restraint. Groups of male voices, for instance the slowly approaching offstage chorus (unaccompanied) carrying the wounded Nelson, are used with great effect. The elegy that ends the scene, based on a simple *ostinato* of the notes of the F minor triad (F, major and minor, is the main tonality of the opera), is undoubtedly one of the peaks of Berkeley's achievement. Another interlude leads to the short final scene, in which Emma rejects the idea of suicide and glories in her memories, which nothing can take from her. Nelson's rising sixth blazes triumphant in the major.

The structure of the opera is traditional in that it consists of clearly marked airs and ensembles linked by free recitative. Its direct ancestor in this respect is Verdi's 'Otello'. The conflict is expressed in terms of the voices, not (as in Wagner) of the orchestra; and listeners accustomed to think of Berkeley as an instrumental composer not uninfluenced by Stravinsky may be surprised by the richness of melody displayed here, and romantic melody at that. Not that principle has been sacrificed: a lush lyricism after the Puccini manner would have reduced Nelson to the level of any love-lorn tenor. But there is no denying the essentially romantic quality of the story—the world very nearly well lost for love—and it has been embraced without self-consciousness by both librettist and composer. The score is full of rousing tunes, especially in the choral sections: many a memory will be haunted by 'Nelson our pride' at the end of Act I, 'Ride out to a great victory' in the Portsmouth scene, and the round, 'Off with you, friend, and good luck to you' sung by three sailors in the cockpit of the *Victory*.

The great rhythmic vitality of the opera and the unmistakable flavour of the sea in parts of the first and third acts may remind us now and then of 'Billy Budd'. That two contemporary English operas, both dealing with the navy in the time of the Napoleonic wars, should show some parallels is natural enough. After all, the sea and the Royal Navy are both central to the English tradition.

The Law in Action (Stevens, 6s.) consists of six broadcast talks originally given in the Third Programme and subsequently published in *THE LISTENER*. The revisions mainly consist of the addition of references to the various law reports, the insertion of some new passages to deal with more recent cases, and in some respects the expansion of passages compressed for reasons of time in broadcasting.

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For the Housewife

Planting Bulbs for the House

By RUTH DREW

IF you are planning to grow spring flowers in the house, this is the moment to begin thinking about putting in bulbs. If this is going to be your first attempt at bulb growing you will want to know about the best potting mixture to use. You should get advice on this from the man who sells you your bulbs. He may recommend one of the standard bulb fibres, made up of a variety of ingredients—peat, charcoal, sand, broken shells, and so on—or he may advise one of the compost potting mixtures.

If you use bulb fibre, remember that it must be soaked in water for about twenty-four hours before you do your planting. And some experts recommend planting in a non-porous bowl. Fibre in a porous bowl tends to dry up rather quickly.

If you are working with any other type of potting mixture, then drainage is all-important, and a porous type of bowl is best. A hole in the bottom helps. If there is not a hole, then you can put a layer of small stones on the bottom—or bits of broken pots. This makes a drainage ground; the water can filter down between the jagged stones and your soil will not become boggy and sour.

How many bulbs should be planted in each bowl? Roughly speaking, it is a good plan to put in as many as possible without letting one touch another. Each bulb wants to be planted firmly, with its tip just sticking out. Do not fill the bowl to the brim with your potting mixture. You want at least half an inch of space at the

top, so that you can conduct watering operations without slopping water over the edge.

Bulbs must be in the dark until they have taken root. A dark, cool cupboard is a good place, and not a completely airless one. If you do not possess cupboard space, the bowls can have sheets of thick, brown paper arranged carefully over them. They can then stand on a shelf, or wherever you have room.

How long must bulbs stay in the dark? Wait until the leaf spikes showing above the surface measure roughly the same as the depth of the bulb roots. There is a final test you can give to make sure a plant is ready for the light. Take hold of the bulb gently, and delicately give it a little waggle from one side to the other. You will feel if it is properly tethered in the soil. If it is not, leave it in the dark a little longer.

For the first two days you bring the bulbs out, shield them from the strong light with a newspaper. Then, when they are growing well, they will enjoy all the light they can get. But plants do not enjoy draughts any more than you or I do. Remember to turn the bowls round regularly, so the flowers do not grow lop-sided with leaning towards the window. The most difficult part of bulb growing is judging when to water and how much. The golden rule is: keep an eye on the potting mixture all the time. It is hopeless to let it dry right out and then guiltily give it a sousing. The soil likes to be kept just moist all the time. When you pour on

the water, try to dribble it in the spaces between the bulbs. That is particularly important with hyacinths.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

Björn Hallström (page 424): London editor of the *Svenska Morgonbladet*

Air Chief Marshal The Hon. Sir Ralph Cochrane, G.B.E., K.C.B. (page 425): Vice-Chief of Air Staff, Air Ministry, 1950-52; A.O.C.-in-C., Flying Training Command, 1947-50; commanded Nos. 3 and 5 Bomber Groups 1942-45

Lord Kinross (page 427): author and journalist; served in R.A.F. and Diplomatic Service in Middle East during war; author of *Grand Tour, The Orphaned Realm*, etc.

Dingle Foot (page 433): M.P. (L.) Dundee, 1931-45; Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Economic Warfare, 1940-45

Francis Watson, O.B.E. (page 434): in India, 1938-1946, working during war in Department of Information and Broadcasting; author of *Dawson of Penn, Daniel Defoe*, etc.

Edward Hyams (page 436): novelist and author of *The Grape Vine in England, Soil and Civilisation*, etc.

J. C. Flugel (page 441): Special Lecturer in Psychology, London University since 1944; author of *Population, Psychology and Peace, Man, Morals and Society*, etc.

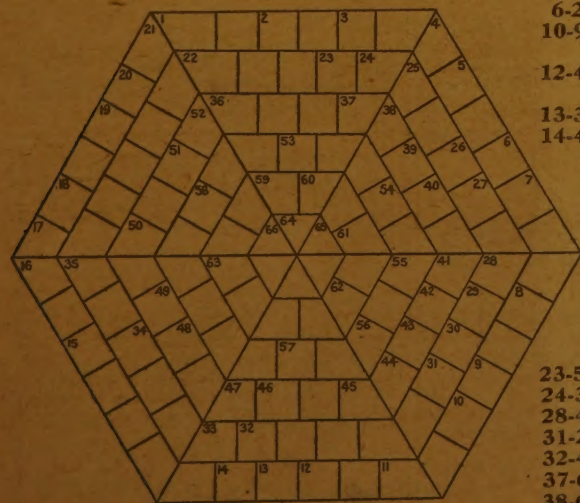
Crossword No. 1,272. Hexagrammatos—II. By Duplex

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened). Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, September 23

The word-chain, beginning at 1 and running clockwise to the centre of the puzzle, consists of thirty-two words, comprising the author's full name, and the verse.

Lyric: The English knight and dramatist considered that the amorist was more at home on terra-firma than on his normal pursuits.



CLUES

(Where the words are indirect, three numbers will suffice to show the running of the words).

- 1-36. What Campaspe did when Cupid rose blindly (3)
- 4-25-26. Kipling Overland post (4)
- 5-39. Abstinence according to Dryden (3)
- 6-27-29. An old lady rode upon a white one (5)
- 10-9-30. What Washington told his father he could not do (3)
- 12-45. 'How now, —! whither wander you?' (mixed) (3)
- 13-32-33. Adhem's first name (3)
- 14-46. Sweet one hath motion (mixed) (3)
- 15-50. Johnson wrote about a dubious one (mixed) (4)
- 16-35-34. Davidson's went pop on the broom (4)
- 17-18-58. Mountebank in 'The Comedy of Errors' (5)
- 19-52-51. Children misuse them then cast them away (mixed) (4)
- 22-20-21. Shylock thrice declared he had one in heaven (4)
- 23-59. Which Breitmann gave a party? (mixed) (4)
- 24-3-2. Fear the last of them (mixed) (4)
- 28-41-43. 'Reaping where thou hast not —' (4)
- 31-29-8. Do this and ye shall find (4)
- 32-47-49. Innocent moon's sole purpose (mixed) (5)
- 37-64. Pagett, M.P., was a fluent one (4)
- 38-65. Merry ones, wrote Chesterton (mixed) (4)
- 44-45-11. Were they this to go to sea in a bowl? (4)
- 46-57-63. 'Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and —' (5)
- 48-63. Songs of great Gaels of Ireland (3)
- 53-61. What Bagehot said benevolence may do (4)

- 54-55-42. 'I thought I — my Watson' (4)
- 55-40-7. Found in 'Smoothing the raven down' (5)
- 60-54. Vessel of Noah's command (3)
- 61-62-56. Linked with Apollo, Pallas and Jove (4)
- 66-24. '... all about the written page' (6)

Solution of No. 1,270

G	A	L	L	I	A	D	I	V	I	S	A	E	S	T
A	V	I	A	T	I	O	N	I	C	A	N	T	O	N
R	E	M	E	A	N	T	L	O	R	R	A	I	N	E
O	Y	O	R	R	A	T	Y	L	E	E	N	R	A	M
N	R	U	T	N	I	L	G	A	U	M	A	I	N	T
N	O	S	R	U	N	E	A	P	S	A	I	N	T	R
E	N	I	A	R	U	O	T	R	E	C	A	S	L	A
O	M	N	I	S	E	R	G	O	U	O	T	I	O	P
C	O	M	T	A	T	L	A	V	E	R	O	P	I	E
S	R	E	G	S	I	E	N	I	T	E	B	I	R	D
A	B	A	A	C	S	A	O	N	E	S	E	D	E	B
C	I	D	I	R	A	N	C	I	S	A	R	T	H	E
R	H	O	N	E	J	A	D	E	I	S	E	R	E	R
Y	A	W	S	W	E	I	R	U	A	E	K	I	E	R
E	N	N	O	Y	E	S	E	E	N	M	O	O	D	Y

NOTES

Across: 31, Anag. of 'p(l)ane'; 33, Leslie Charteris' hero, Simon Templar; 53, poem by H. Belloc; 75, Moody-Manners Opera Co.

Down: 8, V(I)OLA; 11, 'The Forgotten Rite' by John Ireland; 44, (F)ores(t); 46, Addison, 'Letter from Italy'.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Miss M. Knox (Limekilns); 2nd prize: J. P. Titchmarsh (Edgware); 3rd prize: J. G. Stubbs (London, N.13)

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